

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Crucial Test

THE London Daily Express, hitherto a tart critic of Soviet international policies and manoeuvres, has categorically declared that Russia wants peace, and the paper calls on the British government to "show readiness to come to an accommodation" with the Kremlin leaders to achieve this end.

The paper's assertion regarding Soviet peace desires has since been echoed by Mr Khrushchev in London who has affirmed "Russia wants peace and not war." This is not a new refrain, though at the moment it has been given a new setting. This time it is being sung by the two top men in the Soviet hierarchy in a man-to-man performance before Britain's political leaders. The next seven days should show how true are the notes of the Russian songsters.

Mr Khrushchev's little sermon on what Anglo-Soviet relations should be was by no means devoid of sense, and most certainly much of it was reassuring, notably his insistence that Russia, far from desiring to split Anglo-American friendship, hoped the current London talks would assist Britain in bringing the United States in closer friendship with the Soviet Union.

THE one thing absent from Mr Khrushchev's speech was any hint that when he and Mr Bulganin got down to hard cases with Sir Anthony Eden they would be prepared to make concessions for the settlement of outstanding international problems. Lip service to co-existence will not provide their lasting solution.

The crucial test of the London discussions will be whether Sir Anthony and his guests can successfully correlate the basic conceptions of the Democratic and Communist worlds of how lasting peace is to be attained, and thereafter agree on a formula for its realisation.

Mr Khrushchev has said the West must not ask the impossible of Russia. The free world is entitled to the same consideration. It is in such councils as the UN disarmament subcommittee that the Soviets impose their rigid, and therefore impossible, demands. Let Russia modify and make more flexible her approach to this sort of problem, and the world of peaceful co-existence which Mr Khrushchev desires will be that much nearer.

RUSSIA WONT USE VETO

Willing To Help Mid-East Settlement

LONDON TALKS LATEST

London, Apr. 20.

Russia has indicated she will co-operate with the West to reach a Mid-Eastern peace settlement through the United Nations, informed sources said tonight.

She was said to have intimated she will not use her veto powers in the Security Council to sabotage Mid-Eastern peace efforts.

But, the sources said, she has made it clear that she will resist any Middle East settlement outside UN in which she does not participate.

British and Soviet Government leaders discussed the critical Mid-Eastern situation during a sweeping survey of Cold War issues in the first three sessions of their "little summit conference" here.

An official communiqué said that Premier Sir Anthony Eden, Marshal Nikita Khrushchev and Nikita Khrushchev also reviewed Anglo-Soviet relations, European questions and disarmament.

The communiqué disclosed no details. It merely added that British and Soviet representatives would prepare "appropriate proposals for further consideration."

BASIS FOR PLAN

But informed sources said the proposals mentioned in the communiqué would be the basis for an agreed plan later to be submitted to the United States, France and other interested Powers.

The Middle East, it was disclosed, was discussed this morning for two hours. Informed sources said the Russians intimated their willingness to co-operate with the West in a settlement through the United Nations. However, they were said to have stressed their opposition to any attempt by the West to fix up affairs in the Middle East outside the UN without Russian participation.

The Russians were said also to have made it clear that they still oppose the Baghdad alliance, although there was no indication that they demanded it be scrapped as the price for co-operating in a settlement of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

The British and Russian leaders meet again tomorrow evening and on Sunday morning at Chequer's, Sir Anthony Eden's country residence. The sources said it was expected they would look then at the Mid-East proposals which representatives of the two countries have been assigned to draw up.

The Soviets had been expected to propose a new friendship pact between the two countries—an idea to which the British are cool. But informed sources said no such proposal has been put forward yet.

They also held what the communiqué described as "preliminary" talks on the European situation—the German unity question.

Informed sources said the Russians appeared ready to make no concessions on this question, though Eden was expected to take it up again at Chequer's.—United Press.

Loud-Speaker

Assails

B & K

London, Apr. 20.

A hidden loud-speaker hurled insults at Soviet Premier Nikolai Bulganin and Communist Party chief, Nikita Khrushchev, when they arrived for a visit at Greenwich Naval College today.

The loud-speaker, hidden by fog, boomed out repeatedly: "This is the League of Empire Loyalists. Here come Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev. They are here to destroy mankind and disrupt our Empire. We ask you to use your influence to prevent these men from destroying all the things that we hold dear."

Bulganin, Khrushchev and their hosts ignored the loud-speaker. The League of Empire Loyalists is right-wing. The police were searching for the hidden loud-speaker.

On their arrival at the Naval College, the Soviet leaders were introduced to British officials and then went into the famous Hall of Palms, where they were entertained to dinner in the name of the three British armed forces, the Navy, Army and Air Force.—France-Press.

Boycott Decision

Paris, Apr. 20. The Poujadeist anti-tax movement, which has 47 deputies in the French National Assembly, tonight decided that they would boycott the Assembly until further notice.

The decision was taken at a joint meeting of the Poujadeist deputies and the national bureau of the movement, attended by Pierre Poujade himself.—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The Pochontas—one of the world's strangest stories, by C. Baker-Carr.
P. 6: The hunt is on—continuing "The Ven-geance of Private Fooley." Rene MacColl has something to say about the difference between the U.S. and Britain on Middle East problems.
P. 7: Majdalan meets Monroe—she has a mood for every man. Daphne Fielding tries out housekeeping in Tangier's Kasbah.

P. 8: What comes after death? Terence Feeley's report, Anne Sharpley interviews Merle Oberon.
P. 13: Don Edson, following the Flag around the Commonwealth, reports on Hongkong. Peter Russo reports on the rise of Japan among Asian nations.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

Soviet Note On Nuclear Tests

London, Apr. 20.

Russia has sent a note to the United States declaring that nuclear tests in some areas of the Pacific are contrary to the provisions of the United Nations "Trusteeship" Council and the principles of international relations, Moscow Radio reported today.

The Soviet note was in reply to a communication from the United States government to the Soviet Embassy in Washington regarding "plans for the carrying out by the United States of nuclear tests in the Marshall Islands, which is a trusteeship territory under the United States," Moscow Radio said.

Moscow Radio stated that a large area of the Pacific Ocean would be declared a "danger zone."

The Soviet note was delivered by the Soviet Embassy to the State Department on Wednesday, Moscow Radio said.—Reuter.

MINE DISASTER

Lagos, Nigeria, Apr. 20. Seven miners were killed and 43 others seriously injured today when a wall in the Iva Valley coal mine at Enugu collapsed, according to reports reaching here.—United Press.

Premier Bereaved

Dublin, Apr. 20. Mrs Costello, wife of the Irish Prime Minister, died today in a Dublin nursing home.—Reuter.

Soviet Sailors Do Window-Shopping

Portsmouth, Apr. 20.

Trade was slow when the decisive shop opened for the sailors of the Soviet warships which accompanied Marshal Nikita Khrushchev to Britain.

Reds Want British Ships

London, Apr. 20.

Russia is likely to suggest to Britain during the Soviet leaders' visit that exports of British ships should be a key feature of any Anglo-Soviet trade deal, Russian sources said today.

But British officials here said that such a Soviet offer would almost certainly run up against the Western powers' embargo on the shipment of strategic goods to Russia.

Sir Anthony Eden is known to be determined to resist any attempt by Marshal Bulganin and Mr Khrushchev to get Britain to contravene the restrictions imposed by the Western allies.

Russian sources said the Soviet Union would be interested in placing orders for a wide variety of merchant ships, tankers, cargo vessels, and "factory" ships to accompany whaling and fishing fleets.—Reuter.

Five Die In New Wave Of Terrorism

Havana, Apr. 20.

Five persons were killed in Santiago de Cuba this morning in a new outbreak of terrorism.

The dead included two soldiers, one policeman and two 21-year-old students.

Santiago police said about a dozen unidentified persons in three cars mowed down the soldiers and policeman in dawn attacks.

An Army intelligence statement said it was investigating reports that orders to unleash a wave of terrorism had gone out from La Chata Ranch, owned by former President Carlos Prío Socarrás, four days ago.

Yesterday, four students and one soldier were injured in Santiago during student demonstrations before the Court building where a group of student leaders are on trial on charges of illegal possession of hand grenades.

All Schools were closed in Santiago and students walked out from classes in sympathy stoppages in Havana, Camaguey, Pinar del Rio de Sancti Spiritus.—United Press.

HUGE CROWDS WATCH BIRTHDAY PARADE

Colourful Pageantry In Kowloon

The birthday of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was celebrated in Hongkong this morning when thousands of men and women of the Combined Services marched past His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, in an impressive parade.

Huge crowds began to gather along the route of the parade early in the morning, and were lining the sides of the road—10 deep in some places—by the time the parade began at 10 o'clock.

The impressive military display, highlighted by the mechanised column of tanks, transport vehicles and artillery pieces, and a spectacular fly past by the Royal Air Force and the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force, lasted for over an hour.

The parade was divided into four phases. A Royal Salute of 21 guns was followed by a Feu de Jole; then came the march past the Governor by a marching column of the three Services and a drive past by a mechanised column of the Army, a fly past by the RAF and, finally, at 12 noon a Royal Salute of 21 guns fired by Royal Navy ships and the saluting battery from Signal Hill.

H. E. the Governor arrived at the saluting base in Gascoigne Road promptly at 10 a.m., and was received by H. E. the Commander British Forces Lt-Gen. W. H. Stratton, and the Service Commanders.

The 1st Battalion The King's Own Royal Regiment then gave the Royal Salute, and the first six bars of the National Anthem were played while the Governor's personal Standard was broken and fluttered over the saluting base.

The next part of the ceremony, representing the symbolic arrival of the Queen, was when Sir Alexander, the Commander British Forces, and the Service Commanders, vacated the dais. The Governor's Standard was slowly lowered and the Royal Standard was broken to the strains of "God Save the Queen."

21-GUN SALUTE

A 21-gun Royal Salute was fired, followed by three volleys of a Feu de Jole and the playing of the National Anthem in two parts and finally in its entirety. The troops on parade then gave three hearty cheers for Her Majesty.

Her Majesty was then represented as departing. A Royal Salute was given, the bands played the National Anthem and the Royal Standard was lowered. The Governor vacated the dais, and the march past began.

Leading the parade was Brigadier L. N. Cholmeley, Commander Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison, who was accompanied by Captain B. Pengelly, DSC, RN, and Group Captain A. J. Smythe, OBE, DFC, RAF.

At the head of the marching column came the contingent of the Royal Navy, led by the combined Royal Marine and Royal Navy Bands of HMS Newfoundland, HMS Tamar, HMS Newfoundland, HMS Cockade, HMS Modeste, HMS Opossum and the Royal Marines.

They were followed by an Army contingent, led by the Band of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, and consisting of the 24th Field Engineer Regiment, RE, 82 Independent (H.K.) Squadron, RE; 1st Battalion The Essex Regiment, including their Corps of Drums; 1st Battalion The North Staffordshire Regiment, including their Corps Gurkha Rifles, led by the combined Pipes and Drums of the 2nd Battalion, the 7th Gurkha Rifles and the 1st Battalion the 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles; 48 Gurkha Infantry Brigade; 81st Company Royal Army Service Corps (Pack Transport); 4th Army Guard Dog Unit, Royal Army Veterinary Corps; Hongkong Chinese Training Unit, led by the Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment.

Then, led by the Royal Air Force Band of the Far East Air Force, marched the RAF contingent. This was represented by the 28 Squadron, RAF; the RAF Kai Tak and Island Units; No. 91 Field Squadron, RAF Regiment (Malaya); No. 34 Police District, RAF.

THE RHKDF

The Royal Hongkong Defence Force contingent, led by Lt-Commander L. D. Kilbee, HKRNVR, came next—marching to the militant strains of the "March of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force" played by the Band and Corps of Drums of the Hongkong Regiment.

The contingent consisted of detachments from the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, the HK Light Troops, the HK Reconnaissance Platoon, the HK Intelligence Platoon, the HK Home Guard, the HK Regiment, the HK Auxiliary Air Force, the HK Women's Naval Reserve, the HK Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, and the Hongkong Women's Air Force.

The drive past of the mechanised column aroused great interest among spectators when an impressive array of assorted military vehicles—tanks, guns and specialist trucks—rolled slowly by the dais. The column Commander was Lt-Commander C. T. Llewellyn Palmer, MC, who commands the Queen's Own Hussars.

This consisted of the Queen's Own Hussars and their tankers; the 18th Medium Regiment, RA; 18th Field Regiment, RA; 27th HAA Regiment, RA; 74th LAA Regiment, RA; 27 Light Battery, RA; 229 Light Battery, RA; Movement Light Troop, RA, and their searchlights; 24 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, and the Hongkong Signal Regiment, both with specialist vehicles; four carriers each from the 1st King's Own, 1st Essex, 1st Northampton, 1st North Staffs, 2/7 Gurkha Rifles and 1/10 Gurkha Rifles; vehicles of the Royal Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Electrical Engineers. When the last vehicles of the mechanical column had cleared the saluting base, the RAF and the HKAAF put on a spectacular fly past when their aircraft flew slightly south of Gascoigne Road from east to west.

This terminated the parade, and H. E. the Governor and his party left the dais shortly after 11 o'clock when Sir Alexander's personal Standard was lowered.

HE'S HANDY AT KILLING TIGERS

New Delhi, Apr. 20. Tiger killing is becoming almost too easy for a 60-year-old peasant in the village of Digaun in Uttar Pradesh (United Provinces). And his weapons are simple—a blunted stick topped with a spear and stones. He has just killed his second tiger within a month with these weapons in the Almora area.

If he should kill a third by this morning, it is feared he will begin to think that tiger hunting is a sport without danger.—France-Press.

Retires, Aged 101

Bayonne, N.J., Apr. 20. Sam Dorsey, who was born a slave 101 years ago, retired from his job in the Bayonne Municipal Public Works Department yesterday and applied for a social security old-age pension.—United Press.

Have you got
the TWINS
in your tank?



Are you enjoying the twin benefits of High Octane and Ignition Control Additive?

Ignition Control Additive gets the very best out of High Octane and the utmost out of your engine.

high octane
...only Shell
has both
it's the most powerful gasoline you can buy

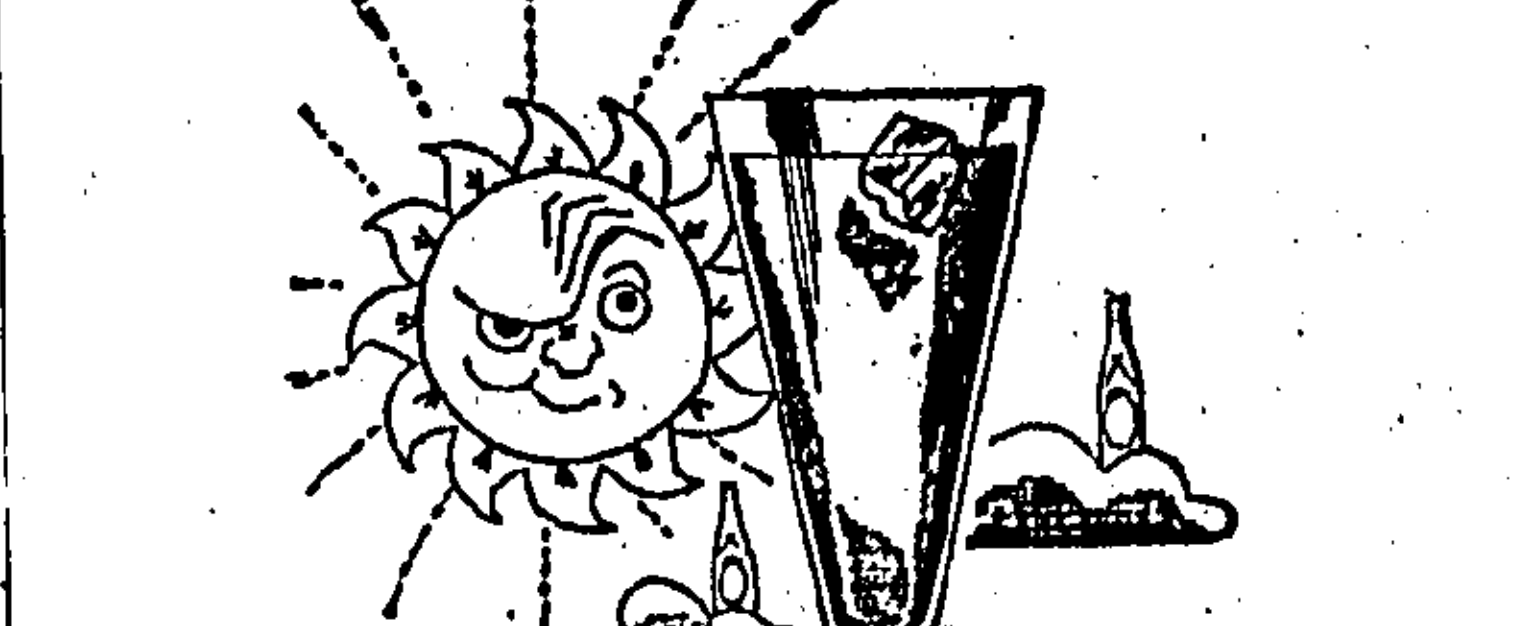
Go Gay THIS HOME LEAVE WITH A DAZZLING NEW HILLMAN



This year, Hillman don a new radiance... delightful new single colours or fabulous new two-tone colour schemes. They're as gay as a maypole, and as always, the Hillman O.H.V. engine gives top, high-powered, yet economical performance. See them and order yours for home delivery.

GILMANS
132 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON
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Which drink is the quickest quencher?



ALL THE DRINKS on earth the most refreshing and reviving is lime juice. This is a fact you can prove to yourself, in a few enjoyable seconds, next time the sun shines. You will also find that this cool clear cordial restores your energy on sultry, sun-drenched days. So the best idea is to drink lots of lime juice all the summer through—can you think of a more enjoyable health rule than that?

WHAT IS LIME JUICE? Purely and simply the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. This best lime juice is made by those who grow their own limes. The juice, stored and sweetened, provides a natural and delicious fruit drink. To be sure of getting the real thing, ask specially for Rose's.

Lime juice for Summer Energy
The best you can buy is Rose's

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

CINEMASCOPE TECHNICAL



JEANNE CRAIN - GEORGE NADER - KITTY KALLEN - BERT LAHR
MAMIE VAN DOREN - KEITH ANDES - PAUL GILBERT

JIMMY BOYD - THE MIDWESTERS - A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

King's at 11.30 a.m. Princess at 11.00 a.m.

James Stewart in "THE FAR COUNTRY" U-I presents

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

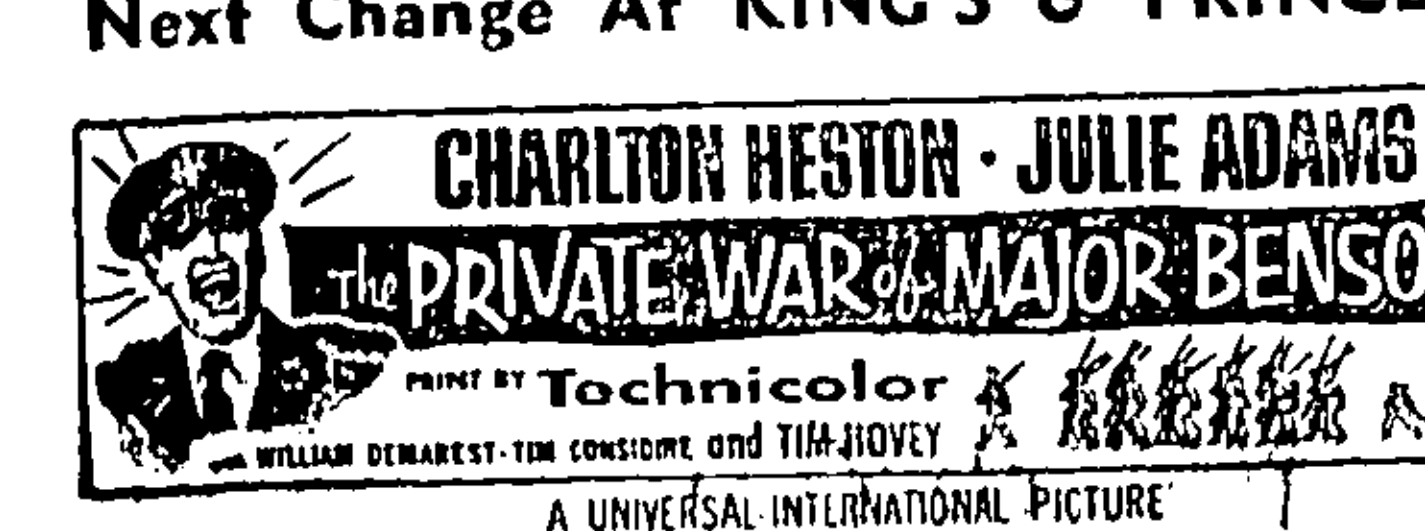
PRINCESS TO-MORROW AT 12.10 p.m. SPECIAL MATINEE

Satya Roy Production presents an Indian Film of Love and Intrigue

"TAJ AUR TALWAR"
Starring Shashikala - Daljeet - B. M. Vyas
Maruti - Heera Sawant - Altaf & Smriti Biswas
Directed by Dwarka Khosla - Music by Soodipt

At Regular Admission Prices

Next Change At KING'S & PRINCESS



CHARLTON HESTON - JULIE ADAMS

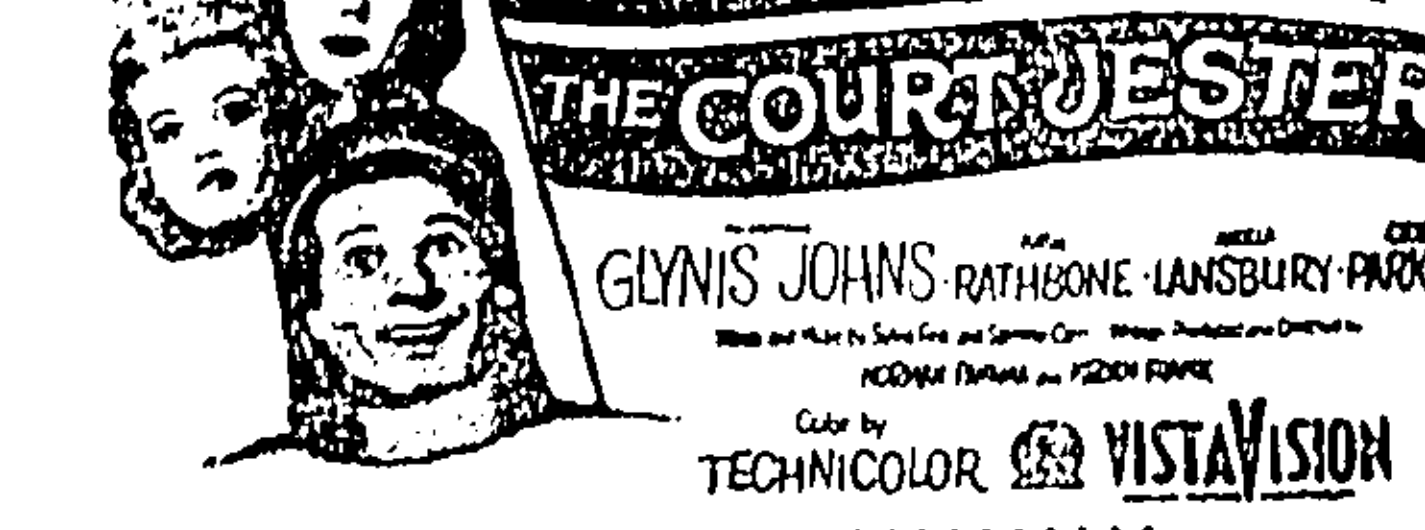
THE PRIVATE WAR of MAJOR BENSON

PRINTED BY Technicolor

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



"GOOD FUN!"

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Warner Bros. presents "FIGHTER SQUADRON" in Technicolor

RKO Radio presents "THE AMERICANO" in Technicolor

Joseph L. Mankiewicz, director of
GUYS and DOLLS
patronized
TAILOR CHEUNG

during his visit in Hongkong by the
introduction of famous movie stars,
Cary Grant and William Holden



From left - Mr. Richard L. Guardian, Mrs. Guardian, Mr. Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Mr. Cheung Wood-hoi

Just arrived large selection of summer materials including American Dacron and British Mohair

Theatre Lane, behind Queen's Theatre, Queen's Rd. C. Hongkong.

Tel. 33484. Telegraphic Address: "MYTAILOR", HONGKONG.

FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films

In Pictures

The Lysistrata theme has been used often in stories.

In fact to a greater or lesser degree most women proffer or withhold their smiles to gain what they want.

Martine Casse (who incidentally is coming here towards the end of May) was last seen in the role, inciting the women of Athens (or Rome, I can't remember which) to bolt their doors against their husbands until they had agreed to give up their plans for war on their neighbours.

Now it is the usually peaceable Jeanne Crain who leads the movement. I'm glad to be able to report that she does not look like the popular conception of a female emancipator and although her speeches are fiery, her appearance is as alluring as ever. She rebels in "The Second Greatest Sex".

George Nader is the recipient of most of her verbal brickbats and the final takes place in the Kansas of the late 19th century.

Two rival towns are battling for possession of a safe containing the County records. The final resting place of the safe will determine the location of the County seat.

It's all very light hearted and there are songs by Kitty Kallen and the rest of the cast.

Terrifying Film

"The Night of the Hunter" terrified me. The idea of two orphaned children drifting down a river, sleeping in barns, begging for food and being relentlessly pursued by a mad preacher intent on murder is one of the most horrific to be thought up as a film theme for years.

And what is worse is that it is so well done. The acting is brilliant; the photography frighteningly threatening without being obvious, and the actors well chosen.

Shelley Winters is the mother of two young children. Her husband, tired of seeing his family in want, commits a crime for which he is executed.

Before his death however, he manages to pass on the hiding place of the money to the two children. Cleverly he has not told the mother, realising that in spite of his love for her, she is not a strong character.

After her husband's death she is lonely and dispirited, until into the small West Virginia community comes a handsome preacher. He has a strong line in revivalist patter and full of talk of love, hate and hell-fire is an uneasy reminder of the mob-frenzy that can be worked up by pseudo evangelists.

Cold-blooded

Having shared the cell of the children's father he knows that there is a large sum of money hidden somewhere. But as all his attempts to discover the hiding place before his cell mate's death have failed, he has tracked down the family and insidiously inveigles himself into the good graces of the bewildered and simple Shelley Winters.

To give any further details of his cold-blooded, secret hounding of the children, of his merciless treatment of the trusting mother and of his macabre pursuit of the children as they try to escape would make "The Night of the Hunter" sound like a Victorian melodrama. Yet it is far from that. There is sound common sense in the character of Lillian Gish—an eccentric old maid who befriends lonely, lost children, and her defence (armed with a shotgun) of her charges as the devil prowls round her house, sometimes visible, sometimes no more than a shadow is probably no more over-dramatised than that of a woman defending her home from a Mau-Mau attack.

This is not a comfortable film. Its pervading feeling is one of gloom. Yet it is an adult film and because of its infrequency in the film world the discomfort of being made to think in the cinema should be suffered.

'Whas' & Whistles

Howard Hughes the star maker presents "The Conqueror" and as a great part of the build-up he has given such stars as Jean Harlow and Jane Russell has depended on an appeal to the eye, you will know what to expect from "The Conqueror".

Visually it has been well produced and directed by Dick Powell.

Seldom have I seen Susan Hayward appear as lovely, as cool and as feminine. She goes through the film with a supercilious air that in view of its adoption by another film star

leader over the Mongolian empire in the 13th century that consisted of the whole of China, Central Asia, Persia and all Russia east of the Dnieper. However, the picture under review deals only — though spectacularly — with the period before his great conquests when he was known merely as Temujin.

I did not share the optimism of Pedro Armendariz at the end of the picture when he said that his counsel was needed no longer and that he had taught his blood brother all his wisdom. However, anything is possible in the realm of the cinema and to return to my earlier comment on "The Conqueror"—it's lovely to look at.

Rough & Tough

Some years ago I saw Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino in what I thought at the time was a most exciting and touching gangster story—"High Sierra". It may be that it has remained in my mind because my visits to the cinema then were few and far between.

Perhaps if I saw it again the reason that emotions of the past cannot be recaptured would make itself apparent. However, there is compensation in seeing what, although it is not admitted as such, is obviously a re-make of the previous picture, "I Died a Thousand Times".

As its central character, a criminal with the same affection for animals as had Humphrey Bogart in the earlier picture, the same shamefaced flashes of kindness and the same menace behind the low-pitched tone of voice.

The similarity ends there, for where Bogart always appears to be relaxed, the restless eyes and tone bearing of Palanca give him the appearance of being capable of instant and unhesitating violence, whereas Bogart is a graduate of the "don't provoke me or I'll get mad" school.

The story concerns a robbery that goes wrong, a killer's act of compassion in financing an operation on the club foot of a young girl (the disinterestedness of the deed is open to question when the young girl is Lori Nelson) and a lot of tough talk and rougher behaviour.

Shelley Winters has Ida Lupino's original role of the gangster's girl friend. Shelley Winters makes her a little more convincing though, than did Miss Lupino. The blonde Shelley seems to have the right sort of brassy dumbness that would see a hero in a killer who had very little time for her.

Pard, the lovable little dog who brings bad luck to all his owners is played by Daisy II, a son of the Daisy who has featured in all the "Blondie and Dagwood" pictures.

Love has conquered all by this time, however, and he is embraced and cried over by his repentant bride ("I take you for wife" he has previously granted, which presumably has settled matters) who is miraculously unimpaired by such close contact with her grimy abductor.

At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

While the seven auditors is muffled to the ears in furs these voluptuous creatures cavort in true slave girl manner and the live audience around me in the cinema whistled and "wha'd" (according to their nationality) in a most appreciative fashion. Their costumes, what there were of them, were colourful and ingenious.

Pedro Armendariz brings more nobility than is necessary to the part of Genghis Khan's blood brother and adviser, while the acting talents of Agnes Moorehead, who is swathed from top to toe and looks like a wizened, wicked witch, are equally superfluous in the role of the Khan's mother.

The Conqueror of the title was the son of an obscure nomad chieftain who rose to be

very much in the news at the moment will, I suppose, be known henceforth as "the regal look".

The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying

ing to gain power and recognition from their neighbours.

It takes some time before John Wayne, with a minimum amount of dialogue and a certain amount of torso exposure brings the proud beauty to her knees, but when he does, he is hardly in a position to appreciate it, being tied up like a chicken, tired, hungry and filthy.

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At evenly spaced intervals throughout the film someone bellows "Bring wine, music, there shall be feasting" and on come the dancing girls.

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The similarity goes further. Susan Hayward is supposed to be a Tartar princess who is swept off her feet by the leader of the Mongols—a tribe who by various cunning moves are trying

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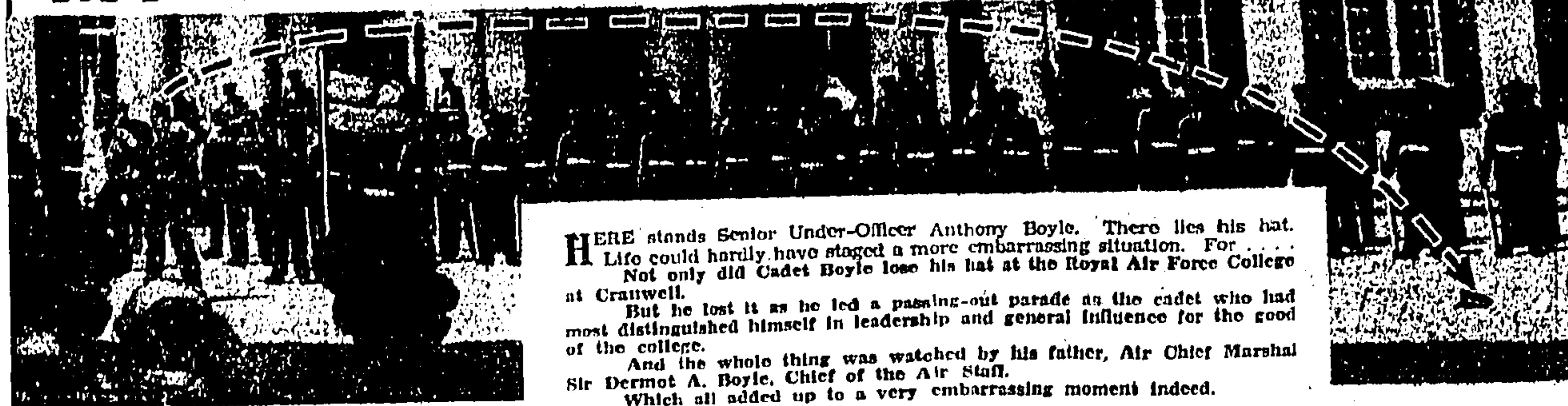
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

MY HAT! it's the AIR CHIEF'S SON



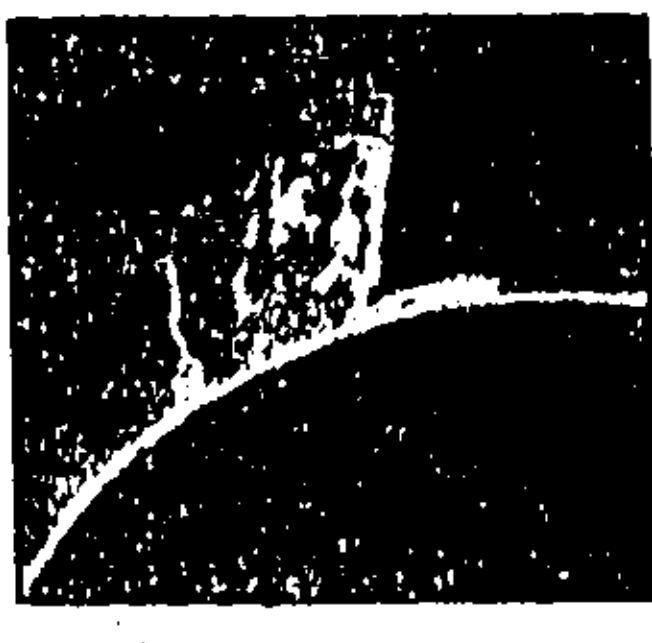
HERE stands Senior Under-Officer Anthony Boyle. There lies his hat. Life could hardly have staged a more embarrassing situation. For... Not only did Cadet Boyle lose his hat at the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell. But he lost it as he led a passing-out parade as the cadet who had most distinguished himself in leadership and general influence for the good of the college. And the whole thing was watched by his father, Air Chief Marshal Sir Dermot A. Boyle, Chief of the Air Staff. Which all added up to a very embarrassing moment indeed.

EXPLOSION on THE SUN

—AND THE DAY EARTH WAS BOMBARDED WITH COSMIC RAYS

A scientist explained recently how he took advantage of an opportunity that knocked 93,000,000 miles away.

FLAMES



Long tongues of flame lick hungrily around the edges of the sun. This phenomenon is called a solar prominence and some are estimated to measure up to 500,000 miles!

Hot Welcome For Police

Naples. Police raiding Naples' huge cigarette blackmarket got more than they bargained for recently. The blackmarketeers' wives rushed out on to their balconies and showered the officers with boiling water and colourful Neapolitan insults. Doused but determined, the police succeeded in arresting three blackmarketeers for resisting arrest and a number of others for illegal sales. The police also confiscated huge quantities of American, English and Swiss cigarettes.—United Press

'Fairy Tree' To Be Lit Up

Melbourne. Melbourne's "fairy tree", a 500-year-old red gum standing in city parkland, is to be brightly lit up for the Olympic Games. Australian sculptress Olin Cohn, who literally covered the trunk of the tree with carvings of fairies and goblins in 1934 is painting them for the third time. She wants them to be bright for Olympic visitors. The tree is similar to the Elfin Oak in London's Kensington Gardens.—China Mail Special.

Wax Model Causes Stir

Bourton-on-the-water. A bare-legged young priestess lying on an altar has caused a furore in this peaceful village in the Cotswold Hills. The priestess, a wax model, is part of an exhibit in a Fifteenth-Century house on the main street. She lies in the temple of the witch goddess Tanit in dim light. The exhibition has drawn protests from villagers who have written that it is (1) obscene (2) degrading (3) encouraging black magic. The exhibition of witchcraft objects from throughout the world, was collected by an Englishman, C.H. Williamson. What has upset nearly everyone is a collection of Mau Mau atrocity pictures. There are also skulls, bones and a figure of the goddess Tanit.

horned god of devil worship. The villagers have protested that this part of the country is superstitious enough anyway without having witchcraft as well. Mr. Williamson's wife, Gwendoline, said "We get letters and visits from all types who think we run a black magic circle. We could make a fortune at that sort of thing. But we have nothing at all to do with it." The priestess remained the focal point of everyone's attention. Her legs are naked and her arms outstretched. Her body is covered with a light red material. But the Parish rector, the Rev. J.E. Newbould, said, "It wasn't too bad. After all you can see such waxworks in the windows of the big stores these days."—United Press.

Chicago.

Professor John A. Simpson, of the University of Chicago, said the opportunity was the greatest needed explanation ever seen on the sun. It occurred on Feb. 21 and it meant the South Pole is set off an increase of 2,400 per cent in cosmic rays reaching the earth.

Prof. Simpson, a physicist, is a cosmic ray research expert. His particular interest is to find out what cosmic rays are and how they are produced.

Great Energy

Normally the sun produces less than one per cent of the cosmic rays reaching the earth. For the sun is only a minor star. The great proportion of rays come from beyond the solar system from somewhere in the great galaxy to which our system belongs. These rays have great energy, ranging from a billion to a million billion electron volts. They travel at nine-tenths the speed of light.

Prof. Simpson said a cosmic ray may travel one million years before it hits the nucleus of another atom and starts to slow down.

The Flare

Prof. Simpson's long years of preparation paid off when the sun produced the flare of Feb. 21. He has five cosmic ray stations in Peru, Mexico, Sacramento Peak, New Mexico, Climax, Colorado, and Chicago. Luckily, a ship in the U.S. expedition in the Antarctic also was carrying recording equipment on Feb. 21. "I suspected from the increase of activity on the sun the week before that something big might happen," Prof. Simpson said. "Everyone was alerted and the equipment double-checked."

A Bell Rang

Then at 9:45 a.m. a bell rang outside his office. An electronic computer that works steadily had noticed something unusual. The electronic brain had waited 10 minutes to be sure that this increased activity was the real thing. Then it set off the alarm bell. All the stations were alerted. Prof. Simpson and his colleagues sent aloft two balloons which had been kept in readiness for such an alert. They went up 19 miles. One came down in Kentucky, but the other has never been found. Prof. Simpson said it does not matter. The equipment on

NEWS IS RED HOT!

Sydney. One Sydney man gets hotter news than any one else in the city—it comes out of an old-style electric toaster. When a reporter visited the suburban home of Mr. Ted Spensley recently he saw—and heard—the toaster cooking bread and relaying the 11 o'clock news at the same time. The toaster gives local radio programmes whether it is switched on or not. The riddle of this "radio-active" toaster has electrical men puzzled.

NO SECRET WIRES

There are no secret wires or leads from any wireless. The toaster just broadcasts and listens. Mr. Spensley said: "People laugh when I tell them they think I'm mad, but it's been broadcasting for days." But there is only one handicap—the volume cannot be adjusted. And to change stations you lift the toaster into another position! At the end of next year Holland will have one island less. The picturesque island of Marken, in the former Zuider Zee will be connected with the mainland by a dike. After Dec. 15, 1957, foreign tourists will go there by car instead of boat. Thousands visit Marken each year to see the quaint wooden houses and the national costumes on this fishermen's island. Within a few days the Arnhem Constructors firm of J.P. Broekhoven will start to work on the dike, which will cost about \$200,000.—United Press.

Shame Of The Cane Made Boys Run Away

London. Twelve of the best, right on the traditional spot, for ten schoolboys. The pain didn't trouble them much. But the shame hurt. It bothered four of them so much that they ran away from Derbyshire, heading for Scotland. When John Hollis, 15, and Malcolm Roope, 14, learned that the whole of Tipton House School, at Chesterfield, was talking about their whacking they packed rucksacks and started their 200-mile tramp. Two other boys, Robert Morgan, 15, and John Gilhooly, 15, left with them, but after one day returned home.

TURNED BACK

All four reached Wakefield, about 60 miles from home. Then Robert and John, fed up with the rigours of open-air life, turned back. Said Robert when he got back: "The plan was to go Stranraer and hitch a lift aboard a ferry to Northern Ireland. "We were going to stay there until we were 18 to allow time for the talk to die away." Of the caning administered by headmaster Arnold Jennings—he caned ten boys for pranks in Chesterfield—Robert had this to say: "They can't just hope to avoid the disgrace by running away. They are only making it worse. "Twelve strokes is a lot, but we deserved it and we got it. That's the end of it." Chesterfield's education chief, Mr. Arthur Greenhough, frowns on corporal punishment in schools. He said: "It is discouraged, but it is left to the discretion of the headmaster."

TOURIST TOWN MAY BUILD ITS OWN RAILWAY

Berck, North France. Irate seaside landlords, hotelkeepers and cafe owners in this channel coast resort lying among the sand dunes eight miles from fashionable Le Touquet, plan to reopen their own train service if the State railways refuse to help them.

The resort attracts 170,000 tourists annually. Until a year ago most of them came by rail.

But the branch line to Berck, opened in 1909, had a £120,000 deficit by 1954 and French Railways closed it.

The main line station is four miles away and the local bus company say they can no longer cope with the summer invasion. Why is the resort without a train so popular? Berck tourist office claim that holidays here are cheaper than at other resorts in the region.

Now the town council is leading the campaign to get back Berck's train service. An action committee plastered the resort with coloured posters calling for a meeting in a local tavern to discuss with residents a way of loaning money from a public company. Cost of buying a new railway and rebuilding the line to connect with the Paris main-line "Sunday by sea" specials is estimated to be £70,000.—China Mail Special.

ISLAND TO BE 'ABSORBED'

The Hague. At the end of next year Holland will have one island less. The picturesque island of Marken, in the former Zuider Zee will be connected with the mainland by a dike. After Dec. 15, 1957, foreign tourists will go there by car instead of boat.

SHE FOUND HER LOST RING—IN A POTATO!

Benoni, Transvaal. A woman lost her wedding ring in a potato patch a year ago and found it recently—in a potato! A keen gardener, Mrs. M. Labuschagne lost the ring while working in her vegetable garden. As the seasons passed, no stone was left unturned. The garden soil was carefully sifted but still the ring was not found. Then they moved to a small holding a few miles away. Mrs. Labuschagne planted flowers in her new garden, her husband gave her a new ring and she promptly forgot all about the one she had lost. This year she decided to grow vegetables again and obtained some seed potatoes from friends who had moved into her old home. The tubers were planted and a few days ago Mrs. Labuschagne and her family sat down to a "home-grown" meal of vegetables. Slicing a potato on her plate, the knife came into contact with a "hard substance" and there in the center, unblemished by frying pan or fire, was her wedding ring!—China Mail Special.

Royal Jelly

Bologna. Scientists recently reported encouraging results from the consumption by humans of "royal jelly," the super-food produced by bees to nourish the queen-bee. One scientist said good results were produced by giving the jelly to premature or underweight babies. Another reported three cures of duodenal ulcer by the royal jelly.—United Press.

IT HAS A SECRET! St James's Park To Get A New Bridge

London. There is to be a new bridge over the lake in St James's Park—and the Government decision to pull down the iron suspension bridge realises one man's ambition of 30 years ago. The bridge will have three spans, built in concrete and Portland stone. That was the idea of the man in 1928. He offered then to pay the bill, but his proposal met with opposition.

He died the same year, but he left £20,000 for the bridge which he knew would have to be built one day. His name is known only to the lawyers who dealt with his estate, for the bequest to the nation was on condition that his identity should never be disclosed. In his will he fixed a time-limit to resistance to his bequest—it was April 10, 1956. Two other dates

He fixed two other dates—the iron bridge was to be dismantled by the end of this year and the new one finished by the end of 1957.

On the last day the decision could be taken. The Minister of Works, Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, announced that he had written to the trustees "gratefully accepting the generous offer," and accepting the conditions of the donor.

The man never made known his objections to the little suspension bridge, from which Prime Ministers royally, and poets have enjoyed one of the finest views of London.

Said a Ministry of Works official: "The bequest will cover the entire cost. The suspension bridge is almost 100 years old and would have needed repairs costing over £10,000."

Beggars' Hoard

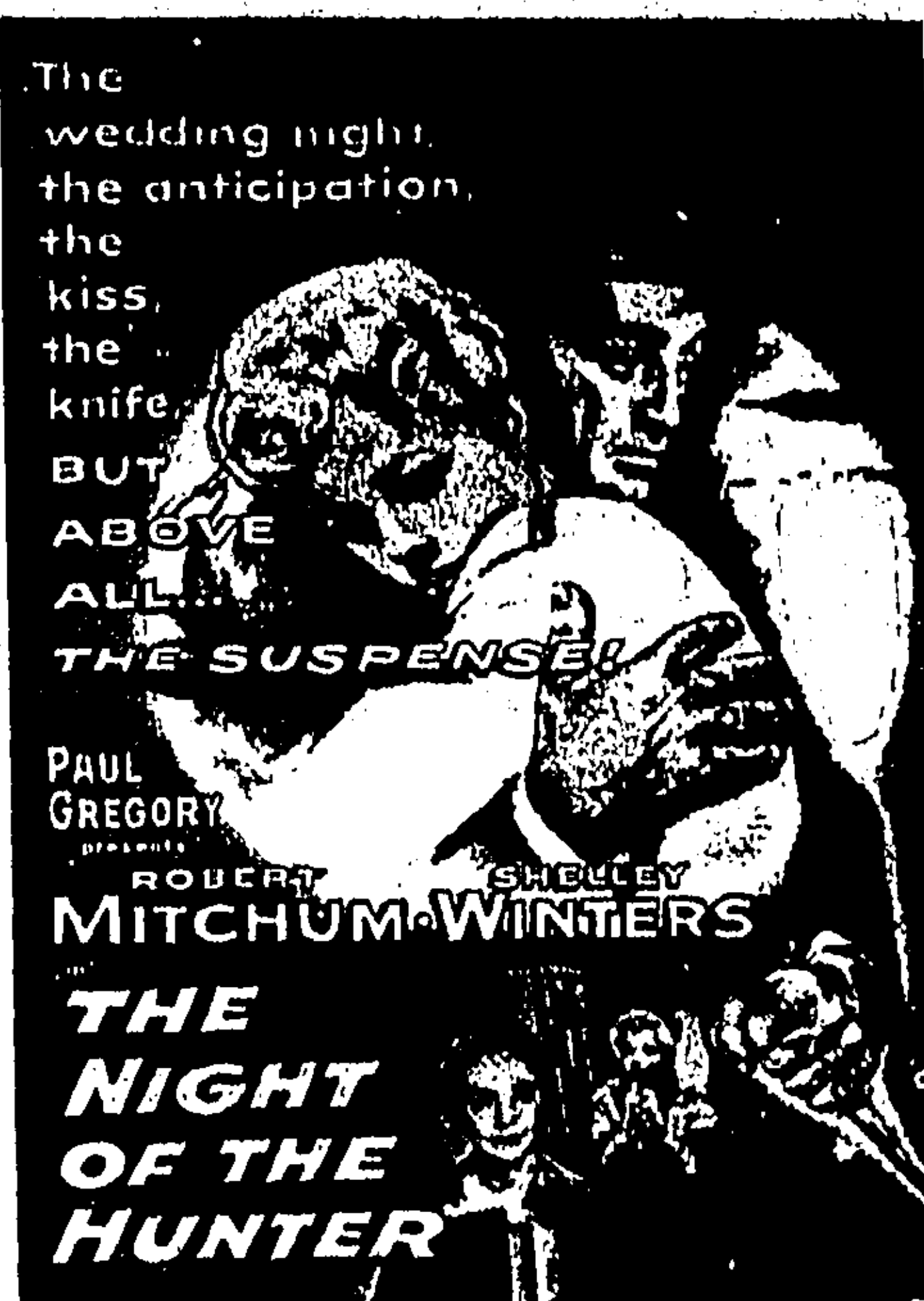
Athens. Police at Volos in central Greece arrested a 70-year-old beggar who admitted he had a hoard of 1,000 gold sovereigns, the "result of lifelong begging on the streets." He said that he continued begging at his age because "he wanted to build an earthquake resisting house" in Volos. A great part of Volos was destroyed by a devastating earthquake last summer.—China Mail Special.

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CARTOONERS ONE TEL. 78721 SHOWROOM TEL. 88800

SHOWING TO-DAY

A Motion Picture That Will Not Be Easily Matched Or Forgotten!



THE wedding night, the anticipation, the kiss, the knife. BUT ABOVE ALL THE SUSPENSE! PAUL GREGORY ROBERT MITCHUM-WINTERS THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: "PINOCCHIO" GREAT WORLD: Walt Disney TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

ORIENTAL SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

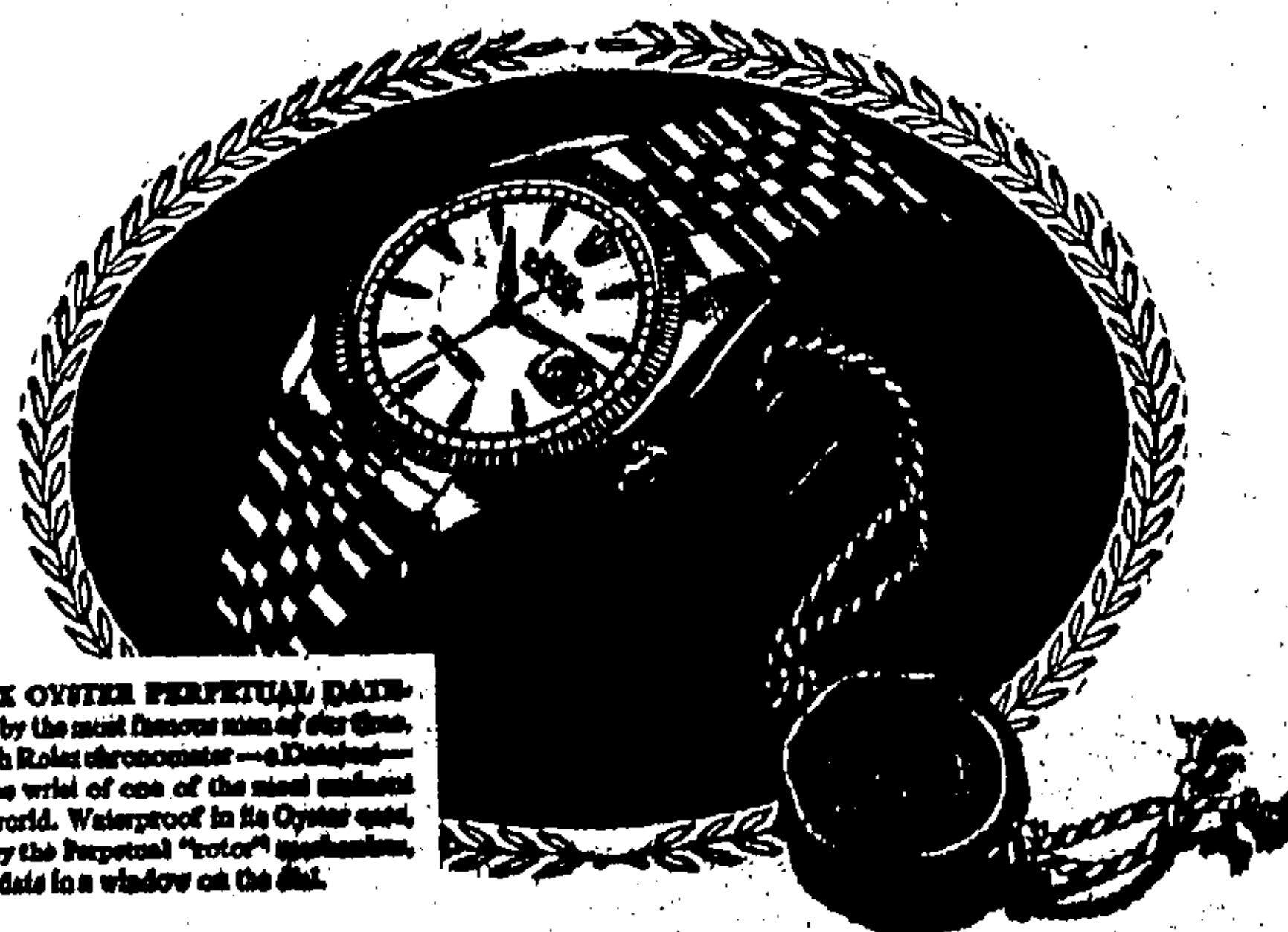
IN PERSPECTA, DIRECTIONAL STEREOPHONIC SOUND!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 Richard Widmark in "A PRIZE OF GOLD"

An event unique in the history of watchmaking

The 250,000th ROLEX CHRONOMETER!



Facts & Figures—

The Swiss Watch Industry During 1953 Produced . . .

33,030,000 WATCH MOVEMENTS

But only 48,628 of these won the right to the name of CHRONOMETER, of this 48,628, ROLEX produced 30,555

Year after year, Rolex have produced more Officially Certified Chronometers than any other manufacturer. Altogether, Rolex have obtained Three out of Four of all Official Timing Certificates ever awarded to Wrist-Watches.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



EIGHT English girls of the Festival Ballet Company at London Airport prior to leaving for Monte Carlo to dance at the wedding celebrations of Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly. They are, from left, Lillemore Knudsen, Janet Gray, Norma Arnold, Shirley Scott, Pamela Davis, Diana Daubney, Gillian Vaughan and Valeria Pitkin. They performed a new ballet the evening before the wedding. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN stepping from her car when she arrived at St Margaret's, Westminster, to attend the wedding of her cousin, Captain Fergus Bowes-Lyon, and Mary McCorquodale. Police had to control the big crowds outside the church and the Hyde Park Hotel, where the reception took place. (Express)



LEADERSHIP course of Combined Cadet Force units of public schools and grammar schools at Stanford Training Area in Norfolk. Cadet other ranks going over the rope walk with thunderflashes bursting to give a realistic wartime effect. (Army News)



RIGHT: The Sunday morning quiet of Lisle Street, Soho, was suddenly shattered when a film unit appeared to shoot a scene for David Niven's new film, "The Silken Affair." Niven, who plays a City worker who cooks the books, is seen here going through his part. (Express)



LEFT: The Daily Express has adopted the new four-month-old Polar bear at the Whipsnade Zoo, and it has been named "Spitfire" following a choose-the-name competition among readers. Says Zoo Superintendent E. H. Tong: "Spitfire sums up its temperament . . . it can snap and snarl and bite pretty sharply." (Express)



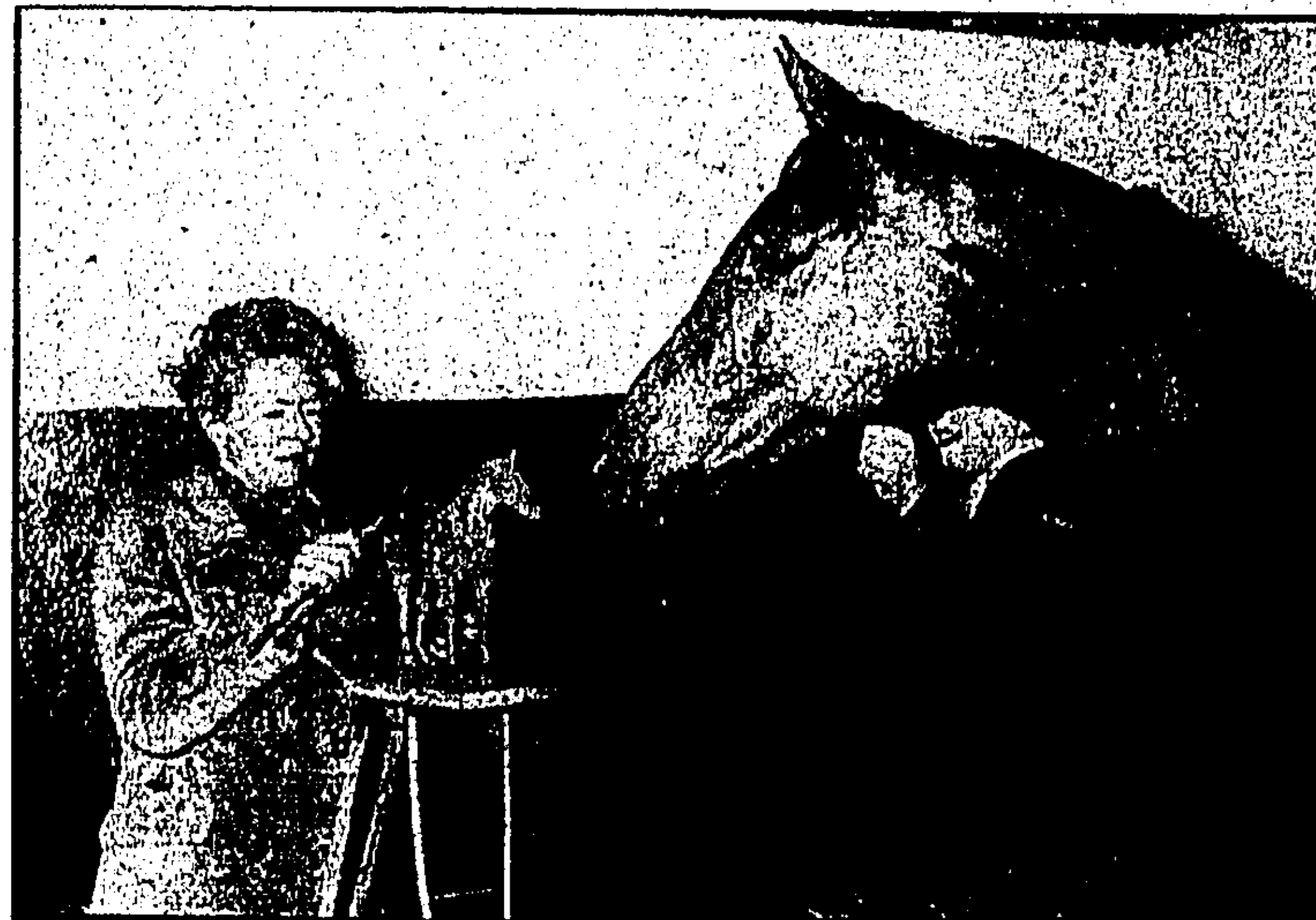
WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh made a trial flight the other day in a Black-burn Beverley military transport, a fire extinguisher burst and choking fumes filled the cockpit, but he managed to keep control for another ten minutes and then made a perfect landing. Picture taken in the cockpit just before the accident. (Express)



MARGATE, South of England seaside resort, has 175 pub landlords. Len Hyett, 60-year-old landlord of the "First and Last," is the envy of them all. He can decant a bottle of beer, measure out a tot of Scotch or pull a pint of draught ale without spilling a drop. And he is totally blind. (Express)



THIRTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD ex-RAF type Gordon Nicholl, a collector of vintage cars, is photographed here with his prize model — a 1938 Horch which was once owned by Nazi Gestapo boss Heinrich Himmler. He bought it for £165, and it does 18 miles to the gallon. (Express)



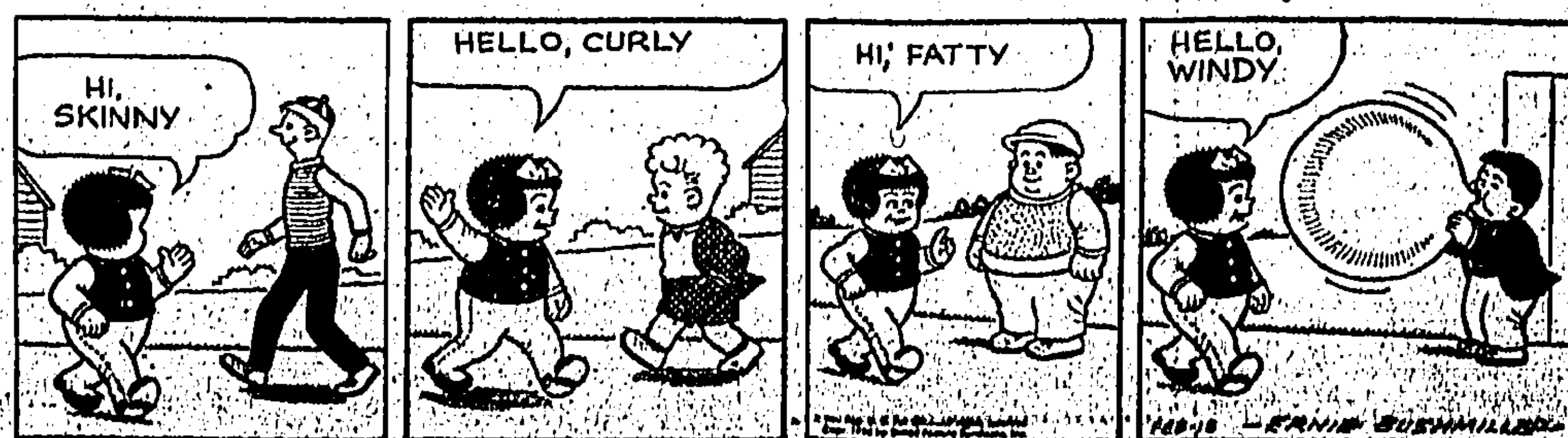
LONDON sculptress Anne Gunter working on a model of Prince Hal, show jumper of horsewoman Pat Smythe, seen holding Prince Hal's head still. (Express)

BRITISH film actor Anthony Steel has been dubbed "Iceberg Boy" after his engagement to Swedish actress Anita Ekberg. He is shown on his return to London from Hollywood. (Express)

INDIAN magician Soren, who performed in Hong-kong some months ago, startled London TV fans when he "sawed" a girl in half with a circular saw. The trick led to hundreds of telephone calls to the BBC by shocked viewers. (Express)



NANCY



ROWNTREES



THIS MAY SHOCK YOU BUT—

We recently printed a New York cable pointing out the large attendance in American churches compared with those in Britain. Now, T. E. D. Clarke—the famous falling film writer on a US trip—files his personal observations of this "church boom" in Hollywood. They are printed as he sends them—without comment...

"YOU don't see empty pews in our churches," said the Hollywood citizen proudly. "That's more than you can say in London, isn't it?"

I conceded the point and switched to another topic, for I could not have continued the discussion without questioning the means by which churches are filled.

Perhaps I am unduly sensitive. Perhaps it may be said that these means are justified by the end, that if churches and preachers manage to draw large congregations by advertising themselves on movie screens, their efforts have the blessing of the use of their own organs. "The Man Upstairs."

What follows may seem shocking and irreverent to many people. If so, I trust I shall be excused from personal responsibility for I am simply writing a true and objective report of the way in which the religious leaders of Los Angeles appeal to the man in the street.

The visitor from Britain finds it difficult to take in his stride such a newspaper headline as "Was Jesus Framed?"—especially when he goes on to read: "His trial before Pontius Pilate analysed by Lloyd Heth, brilliant Chicago lawyer, who successfully prosecuted some of the Windy City's most notorious criminals of the gangster era."

One blinks even more at attempts to introduce the sex angle as a churchgoing inducement. For example:—

DISCUSES LOVE
The Rev. Brother Karyanda of Self-Realization Fellowship will discuss love when he speaks at tomorrow's 11 a.m. service in the church at 4860 Sunset Boulevard.

But then one has only to glance at the pages of religious advertising to realize that the churches and their ministers believe in borrowing freely from the publicity methods of the film companies.

The lay-outs of these announcements bear an equally close resemblance to the movie ads. Take that of the Sky Pilot Revival Centre, to which the eye is attracted by an illustration of a jet plane and the notice in large block letters: **SUNDAY AT 2.30 P.M. — HOLY GHOST RALLY.**

Or that of the Spencer Healing Campaign:—

Mon. Night—Water Baptismal Service. Sat. Night—Special Holy Ghost Night.

The Soul Clinic International strikes a more original note:—

MEET eleven missionaries going out under the auspices of Soul Clinic International. SEE missionaries in colourful native dress of countries to which they are going.

Some churches have their own slogans. Thus we find the Trinity Methodist advertising itself as "The church with the Warm Heart in the Heart of the City."

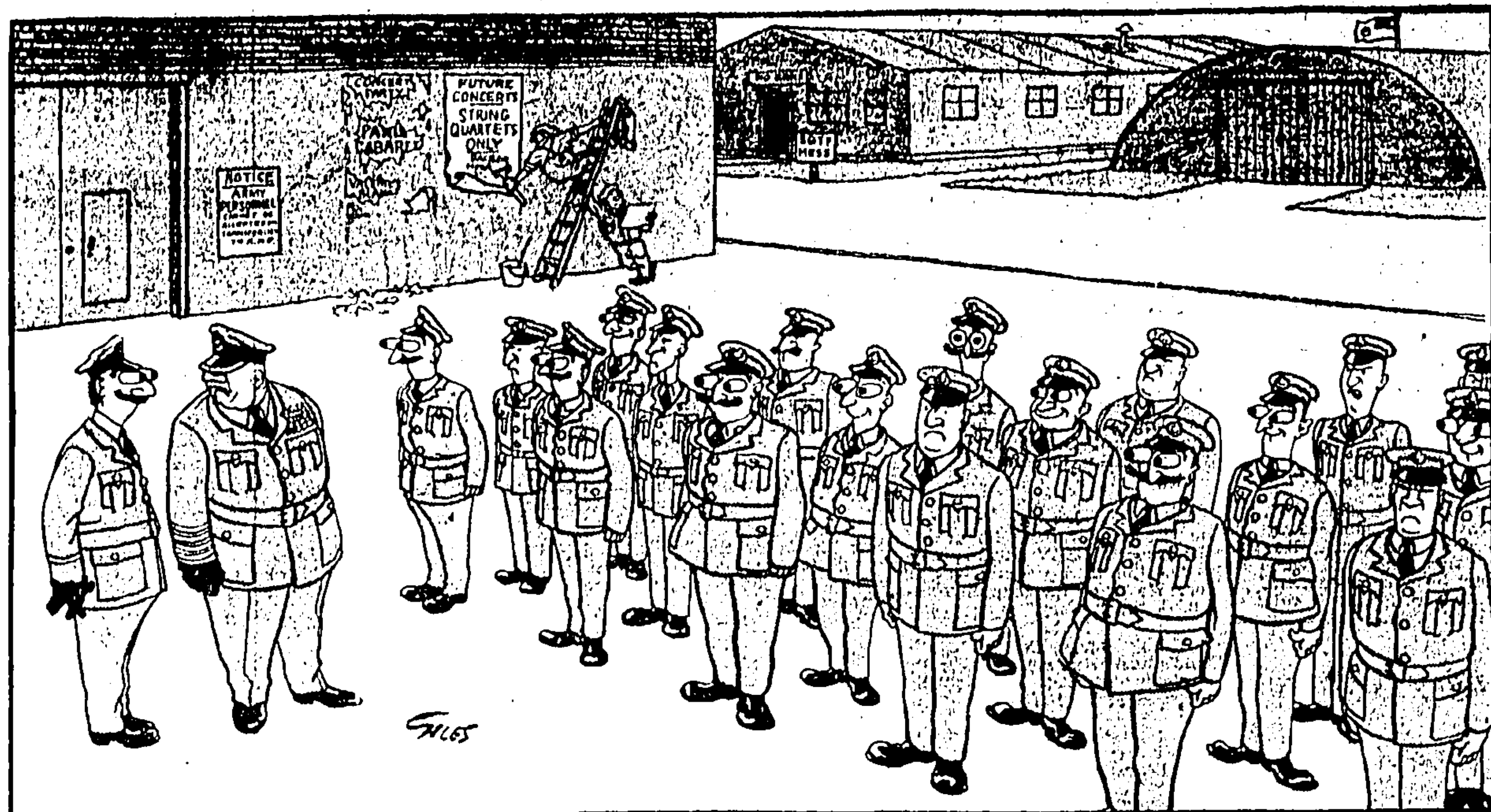
The exclamation mark, so beloved of movie advertisers, is used with no less restraint by the Immanuel Gospel Temple:

A Real Lee Announces
FOURTH WEEK OF CONVENTION!
Come! See! Hear! Great Demonstration of Bible Truth!

And to reassure us that the all-important if rather sordid business of making money is not necessarily sinful, we read:

BUSINESSMEN'S CRUSADE FOR CHRIST
Hear Dr. Pierce P. Brooks God's plan for a man an evangelist, preaching deliverance, salvation, and healing!

That, I think, will do. As a mere recorder of what I see here in Hollywood, I make no comment. There are no empty pews in the churches. Let's leave it at that.



"Which of these men attended that disgusting strip-tease concert?"

London Express Service

The remarkable career of the Red Indian princess who saved the life of one Englishman—and married another

POCAHONTAS

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

By C. Baker-Carr

SHE was the first of her race to become a Christian, the first to marry an Englishman, the first to visit England, and the first to die off the shores of England. But no one has ever found the bones of that girl-wife who was perhaps one of the first to improve Anglo-American relations.

She was, of course, Princess Pocahontas, one of the best-loved of our school-day heroines.

In 1595, the year that Shakespeare finished writing "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a daughter was born into the large family of Powhatan, hereditary chief of the Red Indian tribes in Virginia.

Twelve years later on a fine April day, three ships sailed into Chesapeake Bay and headed up the James River, Virginia. On board were about 140 colonists and 40 sailors, sent out by the newly-formed Virginia Company of London, established by James I.

They were a motley collection: aristocrats down on their luck, adventurers out for a change, pirates in search of a rest, and a liberal sprinkling of honest men.

An Adventurer

THE vessels carried a number of potential leaders for the new colony. Among them were Edward Wingfield and John Smith. Wingfield was an aristocrat, a spendthrift and an idealist, and it was he who was finally elected President of the Council. Captain John Smith was not even allowed a seat on the Council, since he had made treasonable remarks on the way over and had been promptly clapped in irons for the remainder of the voyage.

Smith was a strange man. An adventurer at heart, he was a tough and stocky farmer's son with a violent temper, a bloated ego and a stubborn will.

These two men clashed almost at once. President Wingfield was determined on peace, while Smith was in favour of extensive fortifications in case the Indians should prove hostile.

Jamestown took shape slowly, protected only by lopped-off tree-tops; but food became short, even though the local Indians

supplied an occasional deer for roasting. Disease spread and colonists sickened and died.

Smith struck out on his own in the search for food, sailing up the River James, trading as he went. Soon he ran into trouble—subsidiary chief Opechatchenough and his band of warriors saw Smith, who retreated into a bog which held him fast. He had to surrender.

Smith was led to the great Indian chief Powhatan. At the end of the long march he arrived



"He is mine, my man. I take him," cried Pocahontas.

at the village, and 12-year-old Pocahontas was among the small group of children watching. Shortly he faced Powhatan, and he knew he was to die. But first came the customary feast, when he ate while a circle of chiefs watched. Smith finished eating and wiped his hands. Then he was seized and hurled to the ground. His head was thrust back on to a huge flat stone.

His blue eyes stared up at the two stone axes held aloft by his executioners, who were awaiting the signal from Powhatan. Suddenly something crashed on to his body, something warm yet fierce. The tomahawks hovered uncertainly in the terrible silence and John Smith's rescuer spoke up: "He is mine, my man. I take him."

Pipe of Peace

POWATHAN relaxed and smiled at 12-year-old Pocahontas, who was still clutching her brawny Englishman. The tension eased all around them. Indians crowded forward to peer more closely at the white man saved by their ruler's daughter.

That night the traditional pipe of peace was passed solemnly between the old chief and Captain John Smith. After a short stay Smith was sent back to Jamestown.

During the next two years the relationship between the Indians and the colonists became less strained. More ships came to Jamestown with fresh supplies of men and food, taking back to England holds filled with freshly cut timber.

Captain John Smith with his fierce personality and "no nonsense" methods began to build up a flourishing community. To cap it all he became President of the Council in September, 1608, but his rule lasted for a brief 18 months.

A new "white chief" arrived from England, Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia. Smith became ill, so all that the Indians and most of the colonists thought he was dying. He sailed home to England, out of the life of Pocahontas—who never shed a tear. She was growing up. A strange mixture of Indian character tempered with Western ways and knowledge complicated the young girl's life.

But soon it became the turn of Pocahontas to be English. Governor Dale had been ruthless in dealing with the Indians and had angered Powhatan, who reacted violently. His daughter became a hostage, but she was allowed the freedom of Jamestown under the care of Bessie and Mollie Gates, girls of her own age. It was a tense situation. Powhatan held a number of hostages, too.

Scripture Lessons

EVERY day Mr Buck, the preacher, gave the Indian princess lessons in Scripture and taught her to read and write. She was baptised into the Church of England and given the name Rebecca. Soon afterwards she met her future husband, a morose widower named John Rolfe, who was the first Englishman to grow tobacco in Virginia while Pocahontas was a minor expert herself. She grew all her father's tobacco and had plenty of advice for the solitary, hard-working Englishman from Heacham in Norfolk.

Slowly the friendship developed until in April, 1614, they were married by the Rev. Richard Buck, her former teacher, in Jamestown. They built their home farther up river near to Henricopolis, and were soon filling the ground for a new tobacco plantation.

Their son was born in that unique Anglo-Indian home and they named him Tom. In 1610 the Rolfe decided to visit England. John had worked hard on his plantation, exporting the dried leaves to England and a handsome profit. For Pocahontas the country she had heard so much about lay ahead—England with its hedges and green fields, its cities and its ships.

After arriving in London she and her husband set off with baby Tom for Heacham. After a short stay at Heacham Hall, where a younger brother, Edward Rolfe, and his family were looking after the ancestral home, John and his family went back to London again, staying at the Bell Inn, known as Savage's on account of an erstwhile family ownership. Later it was called La Belle Sauvage and carried a sign depicting Pocahontas.

Visitors to the Rolfe included Dr King, the Bishop of London and Sir Walter Raleigh.

But Pocahontas grew ill. As soon as she recovered she visited the Queen in Denmark House. That was the signal for all the courtiers to come to the inn and pay their respects.

However the illness returned. Queen Anne's own doctor arrived to help treat her.

More Serious

By the end of the year she seemed cured. The Rolfe were invited to attend the Twelfth Night Ball given by the King and Queen in Whitehall. Rolfe, watching from the gallery (he was allowed no closer), saw Pocahontas in her court clothes attempting to dance.

In January 1617, Pocahontas was ill again, and this time it was far more serious. They moved from Ludgate Hill to Brentford and the change seemed to do some good, but lack of new interest after the whirlwind of court life brought on a relapse.

One of the few really welcome visitors to the house in Brentford was the old and faithful Bishop of London, Dr King. However, one morning there was a knock and in walked her first love—Captain John Smith. He was a changed man, gaunt, haggard, ragged and the adventurer's gleam had gone from his eyes. If Pocahontas had any illusions left at all they fled at that brief meeting. From a hero he had turned into a bloated bore.

In March, 1617, their visit to England ended. John Rolfe and Pocahontas went on board the George at the Tower steps—she had to be carried from the coach. Her illness had worsened. Pocahontas knew she was going to die, and her life ended on board the George not far from Gravesend. She was 22.

Little Tom had been left behind—his mother had died while he was an Englishman—while Rolfe sailed on to Virginia, his tobacco plantations and another wife (this time an English girl).

Burned Down

POCAHONTAS was buried at the church of St George's Church, Gravesend. That church was destroyed by fire in 1827 and all the bodies were supposed to have been moved to another grave. Then, as recently as 1897, another church was built on roughly the same site and workmen came across hundreds of bones.

Thinking, incredible as it may seem, that they were animal bones, the workmen threw them all in a huge heap. Rag-and-bone men passing through Gravesend found a ready trade. It was too late by the time the authorities realised the bones were human. The coffin of the Indian princess could not be traced, though much later there were indications that the casket had been removed to a church in Waterloo Road, from which it vanished.

The church at Gravesend has become the Anglo-American shrine to Pocahontas and in November, 1922, it was turned into a Chapel of Unity, a non-denominational house of worship. At the little village church of St. Mary, in Heacham, Norfolk, is an alabaster bas-relief consisting of a 1616 portrait of Pocahontas and this inscription:



When Pocahontas went to London she took off her Red Indian feathers and wore Elizabethan dress.

Princess Matoaka Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan hereditary Overking of the Algonquin Indians of Virginia, born 1595, baptised 1613, died 1617. Her romantic marriage to John Rolfe brought peace to the settlement. To mark a picturesque episode in the history of two nations this memorial was set up by friends in England and America 1933."

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THE HUNT IS ON

THE STORY SO FAR

ALBERT POOLEY, wounded in one of the first major war crimes committed by the Germans, has returned to France in 1946 at his own expense to establish the details. For no one in England believes that nearly 100 prisoners of war, men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, were shot down in cold blood at Le Paradis, in 1940, and that Pooley and William O'Callaghan were the only survivors.

Although he is a desperately sick man, Pooley is determined to avenge his comrades. Accompanied by a French friend, he calls at the farm where he and O'Callaghan sheltered in a pigsty for nine days after the massacre. Madame Croton, who looked after them, sees him in a farmyard—and faints.

THE Frenchman helped Madame Croton to her feet. She pointed incredulously at Pooley. They had told her in 1940, when she inquired at Bethune hospital, that Pooley was dead. When she set eyes on his tall, gaunt figure in her farmyard, she thought she was seeing a ghost.

But her face turned to joy. She embraced him, laughed, and wept. When Pooley told her why he had returned to Le Paradis, it took her some time to grasp what he was saying. She knew that British prisoners had been massacred in the meadow of a neighbouring farm. That much was common property among the local population. But this was her first intimation that the two men who had fed and sheltered at her farm had been involved.

The meadow

Now she walked with Pooley back along the road where the prisoners had marched six years before. She told him that the meadow belonged to the farm of her husband's brother, Louis Croton.

Pooley stopped at the gateway. The farmhouse had been rebuilt. A new iron gate had replaced the one through which his comrades had marched to their death. But the meadow was just as he remembered it just as he had seen it in his mind's eye by day, and in his dreams at night.

Now, as he stood in the meadow again, with Madame Croton at his side, he knew he had been right. Now let them dare talk about a cock and bull story!

He could see the spot where the guns had stood. The Crotons told him that 30 of his comrades had been hastily buried in the pit where they fell by the Germans, but the French had laid all the bodies in a common grave a few yards away.

97 bodies

Ninety-seven bodies had been interred. A brief service had been read by the French priest. The grave had been fenced with posts and wire to keep away cattle, a cross set up, and the steel helmets of the men spaced around the edge.

Through the long years of the occupation the villagers had tended it with flowers from cottage and farmhouse gardens. Later the bodies had been re-buried in the British cemetery. Pooley walked up to the red brick wall of the stables. He took a knife from his pocket dug into the brickwork and

THE VENGEANCE of PRIVATE POOLEY

PART 6

Adapted from the book by

CYRIL JOLLY

prised out two bullets. He compared them later with one of those removed from his leg in hospital; they were identical.

At the British cemetery, Pooley entered the little hedged plot with its rows of wooden crosses. There were bunches of fresh flowers lying here and there, for the village folk still remembered.

In the far corner, in the shadow of the hedge, was the commanding officer's grave.

Nine days...

Back at Mme. Croton's farm, Pooley walked into the passage-way and looked at the pigsty which had sheltered him and O'Callaghan for nine days. A couple of pigs now occupied it. Pooley was not jealous.

When he returned to Bethune, he was faint and sick from pain in his leg and stomach, but a fierce triumph possessed him. Now they must listen to him. In addition to the bullets, he had with him a cutting from a French newspaper giving the local version of the massacre.

His French friends were shocked that nothing had been done to bring the criminals to justice, for the details were, of course, well known in Le Paradis.

The police, both at Bethune and at Le Paradis, were informed of this new development. They passed on what information they had to the military authorities. The case was lit. If retribution was not yet at hand, at least it was now lying in wait for the unknown German officer who ordered the massacre of the prisoners he had captured.

Barbed wire

The investigation of the atrocity at Le Paradis was conducted by the War Crimes Investigation Unit after Pooley's return to England. He was asked to call at the London District Cage in Kensington, a large mansion surrounded by barbed wire with an armed guard at the entrance.

Pooley is no longer fighting a lone battle. Europe is scoured for the murderers of Le Paradis.

A warrant officer asked Pooley to tell as much as he could remember of the shooting. "Don't miss out anything. Some details may seem trivial to you but let's have them. They may mean a great deal to us."

When Pooley had finished, the Warrant Officer gathered up his notes and went out. He was away a long time and when he returned he was accompanied by Colonel A. P. Scotland, chief of the War Crimes Investigation Unit.

Angry Colonel

"Why didn't you report this before, Pooley?" asked the colonel.

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"You did? Who to? Where?"

"To a couple of Army interrogators at Richmond Convalescent Camp on my return from Germany, sir."

"When was this?"

"In the summer of 1943, sir."

Colonel Scotland did not restrain his anger. "Someone will catch it for this," he turned to the Warrant Officer. "Find out who was in this interrogation and what happened to the report."

Pooley waited a long time while the search was made. At length the colonel returned.

"I'm afraid we cannot find out who they were nor what has become of the report," said Colonel Scotland. "They're lost in the fog of the past. We've also lost three years. If we had that report we could have picked these people up straight away. Now we have to scour Europe for them. But we'll find them. It's the last thing we do we'll find them."

From the German Orders of Battle, which fell into Allied hands after the war, the investigators were now able to trace the German formations which had been in action at Le Cornet Mado and Le Paradis in May 1940. The records showed that the 2nd Infantry Regiment—1122—of the S. S. Totenkopf (Death's Head) Division was most probably the regiment concerned.

Last stand

From the files of the German personnel department they were able to name the officers in command of the various companies in this regiment. But which was the company that had actually captured Dures Farm, where the Norfolks had made their last stand?

British officers interrogating prisoners of war were instructed to watch for S.S. men who had been in IR2, and three or four prisoners were found who had been in Le Paradis on May 27. They were brought to the London District Cage for interrogation.

A week or so after his first visit to Kensington, Pooley was

asked to call again. A German was brought into the office. Pooley studied the man, his face and build. When he had gone the Warrant Officer asked, "Do you recognise this man?"

"No."

"Well, on his own evidence he was one of the men behind the guns at Le Paradis. But he is not the man we are looking for. We want the man in command, the big fry."

At this stage, Colonel Scotland's men were still building up a picture of what had actually occurred at Le Paradis.

The parish history, maintained by the Cure of Le Paradis, was consulted.

"A bursting bomb killed S.S. Colonel Goetz, whose father, a Prussian general, is a friend of Hitler. At this news the S.S. Germans decided to kill British prisoners. Ninety-seven English soldiers, prisoners of war, were



Pooley and O'Callaghan arrive at Hamburg to confront in court the man who planned their death.

killed with machine-guns and buried together."

Albert Pooley was no longer fighting a lone battle. There were men, eager to see justice done, who were able to scour the prison camps of Europe to find the necessary evidence. Sometimes a laborious chase ended with the discovery that the man they wanted to question had been killed in later fighting or was still in Russian hands.

But they found a man called Theodor Emke, who had commanded the machine-gun section of No. 4 Company, IR2. His section had been taken away



They looked a tough bunch. Pooley took his time and walked round each man...

from him after the battle. And it was his guns that had been used to shoot down the prisoners.

The man responsible, according to Emke, was Hauptsturmführer (Captain) Fritz Knoechlein.

The records showed that this officer had been in command of No. 3 Company, and deputy battalion commander, Pieper, in the Jig-saw began to fall into place. Other Germans confirmed that regimental talk had linked Knoechlein's name with the massacre. An old Frenchwoman and German soldiers testified that they had seen Knoechlein in the neighbourhood at the time it happened.

Knoechlein was found and brought to London for examination. He was in a truculent mood.

Pooley was sent for again. An identification parade was staged for his benefit.

In the courtyard of the Kensington Hospital, and on March 9, Mrs. Pooley received a summons to the hospital telling her that her husband had been operated upon.

She returned day after day, while he hovered between life and death. It was strenuous work, but she pulled him through.

Next came William O'Callaghan's turn. Six Germans were lined up in the courtyard for his inspection.

O'Callaghan walked up to them and looked closely at each one. He stopped at the last man in the line and stared searchingly at his face.

The six Germans were taken away. O'Callaghan said, "I've seen that bloke at the end of the line."

"Where?"

"I am not sure, but I've seen him somewhere."

The colonel sent for O'Callaghan. He took out a sheaf of

photographs, pushed them across the desk, and said, "Look through them and see if you know anyone."

No comment

O'Callaghan picked out one photograph—the man he had seen at the end of the line in the identification parade.

"The colonel made no comment, but seemed satisfied."

Months later, as the evidence against him mounted, Knoechlein did make a statement. He gave a clear account of his movements during the fighting on May 27, 1940, but there was a significant gap unaccounted for between 3 and 5 p.m. And this was the fatal period.

The patient investigation occupied the whole of 1947 and a large part of 1948. For most of this time, Albert Pooley was fighting his own battle against ill-health. The operation he had put off to make his pilgrimage to Le Paradis could be postponed no longer.

He entered Roehampton Hospital, and on March 9, Mrs. Pooley received a summons to the hospital telling her that her husband had been operated upon.

She returned day after day, while he hovered between life and death. It was strenuous work, but she pulled him through.

Recovery

Slowly he fought his way back to recovery. He was well enough to say "yes" when, early in 1948, he received a letter from the War Office asking if he would be prepared to give evidence at the trial in Hamburg of an alleged war criminal.

The long investigation pieced together its case and prepared for the day when Fritz Knoechlein was to stand his trial.

He was accused of "committing a war crime in that he, in the vicinity of Le Paradis, Pas-de-Calais, on or about May 27, 1940, in violation of the laws and usages of war, was concerned in the killing of about ninety prisoners of war."

Pooley and O'Callaghan met again on Liverpool Street station in October, 1948. Together, they travelled to Hamburg to confront in open court the man who had planned their death.

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Next Saturday:
THE PROSECUTION

American papers please copy

A PERSONAL STATEMENT BY . . . RENE MacCOLL

I HAVE never concealed the fact that I am a friend and an admirer of the United States of America. My admiration is fully extended to America's President Eisenhower.

It is therefore as a friend that I speak now—a candid friend. With growing uneasiness and occasional dismay I have been watching the way in which our two countries have been falling out of step as regards their foreign policies.

Nowhere is this loss of synchronisation worse than in the Middle East. The catastrophe lying in wait at the other end of the Mediterranean could take a number of forms, ranging from the triggering of World War III to the denial to us of access to our vital oil sources, with all that would entail for our living standards.

THIS SPLIT PERSONALITY

THE State Department where Britain and her overseas possessions are concerned always tends to suffer from a bad case of split personality.

Half the time the State Department realises that Britain is far and away America's strongest and best friend in a world which often gets to resemble a jungle. In that mood Washington will back us.

But then there is the other mood, when America remembers with a start that she is basically "anti-colonial, anti-imperialist," and all the rest of it.

In that mood America can do—and has done—much harm to our position in the world. The diplomatic role she played in our hurried departure from Egypt, for example, is not something on which I care to dwell.

Nor has America hitherto been a friend-in-deed over Cyprus. The Mayor of New York publicly condones a monster procession through the streets of Manhattan sympathising with the Eoka terrorists. The U.S. Ambassador in Athens finds it necessary to make some remarkable statements of "sympathy" with Greece. And yet if we were to weaken and leave our Cyprus base—what a bellow of alarm would go up from across the Atlantic.

THE SIX-MONTH 'TEA-BREAK'

BUT apart from these two "moods" of America, and the uncertainty over which is likely to be in the ascendant on any given day, we also find ourselves becalmed and frustrated, by Election Year.

The eyes of the American politicians are fixed inwards. The domestic scene is all that counts. The only thing with which they want to occupy their minds is "The Vote"—"The Jewish Vote," "The Irish Vote," "The Greek Vote," etc.

In the far-off days when the world was a simpler, quieter, less dangerous place that may have been all very well. And in these days the U.S. was not the No. 1 Power of the Western World as she is now. What she did or didn't do was not of such concern to the lives and hopes of millions of men and women everywhere as it is now.

I say to America—you cannot any longer afford the luxury of a sort of six-month-long "tea-break" while you knock off and have a lovely time of it playing politics among yourselves. The world won't wait for you. Nasser is not that obliging. The Arabs and Jews have accounts to settle. King Saud has no "American Vote" to bother about. He just has American dollars—lots of them.

Above all, I say this respectfully to President Eisenhower:—We all know that you are a brave man. We all remember how you were willing to take big decisions. Please go on taking big decisions—now, tomorrow, the next day. Please don't wait until after the elections are over in November before you feel free to take any more decisions.

Because if you do, even bigger events than an American election may by then have swamped our world.

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THE CRAZE FOR NEW FACES

By BILL FOSTER

AN immense queue of people in Britain are waiting today for new faces. And the amazing thing is this:

Two out of every three are MEN. Many are BOYS of 16 and 17.

Plastic surgery, once the beauty box of the women's Smart Set, is sweeping the country. And men are asking for the removal of facial defects as casually as they ask for a "short back and sides" at the barber's.

This, the most fantastic revolution in the short his-

tory of plastic surgery, has brought the wheel full circle. For it was MEN—most of them horribly disfigured from war wounds—who created the need for plastic surgery.

And it is MEN who are rushing the dozen plastic surgeons in the country off their feet today.

I have just spent a day with one of the country's leading plastic surgeons. And he told me: "Teenagers and Teddy Boys are among the patients who consult me. Some are reduced to forging letters from their

fathers approving the operation. So I have to be careful."

This man—medical etiquette prevents me from giving his name—is more than a doctor. He is a magician.

I talked to one of his patients as he waited for an operation. Not a dowerly duchess. But a strapping six-foot naval rating.

"What's my trouble? My ears."

I looked at them. They stuck out like jug handles.

"I've saved and saved for this operation. I've sacrificed a week's leave. None of my shipmates know I'm here. Not even my parents."

"Don't think it's vanity. A disfigurement like this depresses the mind. Ever since my school-days they've called me Noddy. Little jokes soon build up into a complex. That's what's happened to me."

The operation took no longer than a haircut. The surgeon held a mirror before the patient's face. He had a new profile. And a new personality.

And a minor stampede to the plastic surgeon's has been caused since commercial TV started. More and more stars are appearing on the screens. Many need treatment first.

At one great hospital specialising in plastic surgery I was told that there were 1,300 on the waiting list.

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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Darling, which would you least like to be faced with—great thoughts from Burns or an intimate view of the Mountbattens' feet?"

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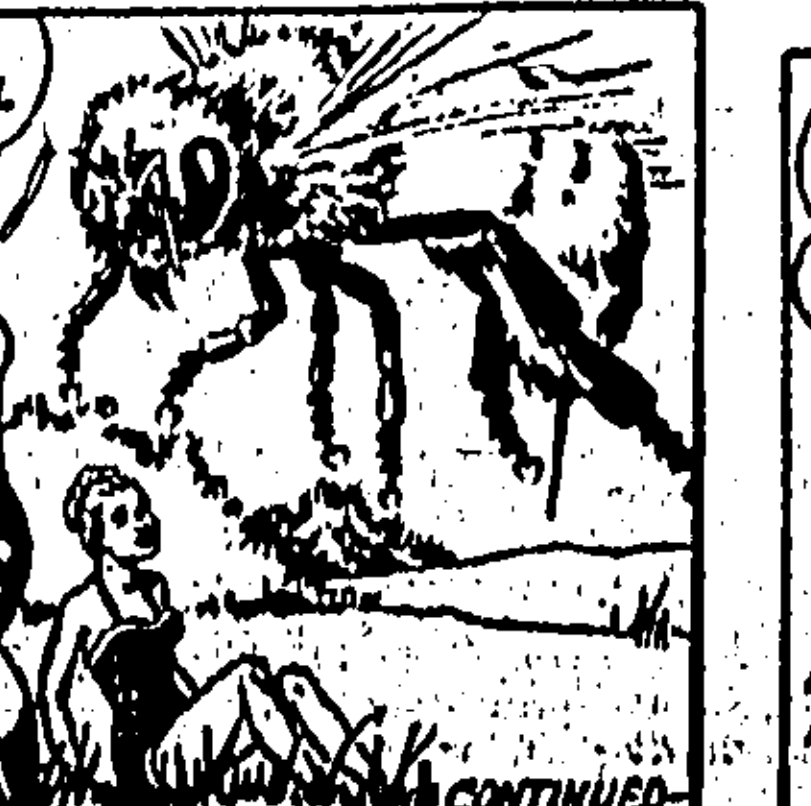
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



Have you seen
Admiral
AIR CONDITIONERS
AND REFRIGERATORS

I spent half a day with Marilyn Monroe at her first, a three-roomed apartment overlooking the river and not remarkable for any of the extravagances sometimes associated with film stars. For much of the time we talked alone, but during the afternoon people would come and go, most of them journalists.

"I like a man with poetry in him—you know—but not a poet. No. Better not say that. They're sure to take it the wrong way and make something of it. I guess if I like a man I don't care whether he's short or tall.

The Canadian was followed by an Italian who wanted to know whether Signorina Monroe would like to make a picture with De Sica some time, and when she said that she would, he said that was all he wanted to know. 'Thanked her passionately, and hurried out.

The fur-coated
filled with his
the assistants no
about, the hu

**'The naughtiest little thing one moment,
perfectly innocent the next.'**

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NEXT SATURDAY:
Monroe and "The Method."

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But I think the whole attitude of New York to Br. food was summed up by Max Kriendler, host at the 21 Club party when, after listening to my speech about how they serve Stilton cheese in Melton Mowbray, said with a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes: "He makes it sound almost sexy."

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PEOPLE WHO SWEAR THEY HAVE BEEN IN TOUCH WITH HEAVEN

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER DEATH?

By TERENCE FEELY

IN a small town 20 miles north of the capital of Scotland, Edinburgh, a man lay dying. A man noted for the thrusting curiosity of his mind.

He was a Freethinker. Many were the nights he had sat debating with his friends the vital questions—What comes after death? Now, in dying, he was only seconds away from his answer. Suddenly his eyes opened. They seemed to look through the ceiling and beyond.

A tremendous smile lit his face. As the last breath left his body he whispered:

"The Great Secret! What was the Great Secret he saw unfolded to him as he slipped out of this life? How near has modern thought come to penetrating it?"

What has it to say about the after-life? Heaven? Do we have bodies there, and friends? Or do we simply, on death, drop into the black pit of annihilation?

NO CRANKS

These questions are being asked today with more urgency than ever before.

A recent survey showed that 60 per cent of non-churchgoers and 25 per cent of those who do go to church are uncertain in their beliefs about Heaven.

Now Aldous Huxley has stepped in disturbingly with a new book, "Heaven and Hell." Huxley was brought up in a supremely sceptical and sceptical atmosphere. Yet he writes of how under the influence of certain drugs man can attain a vision of a wondrous "other world" of incredible beauty which really exists and is not an hallucination.

If these questions are being asked with a new intensity, they are being answered with a new audacity.

I have heard, in my quest for these answers, some strange stories.

Like the British income tax man who visited Copenhagen one night as a spirit while his body was asleep in bed. Like the clergyman who gave me the exact dimensions of Heaven's capital city.

And these people are not "cranks." The men and women I sought out are all rational, normal.

STARTLING

Come first to the church of St. Brigid's, in Fleet Street, London. Meet the Reverend Cyril Arncliffe, the Anglican rector there.

Mr. Arncliffe believes, naturally, in an after-life. But that is not all.

"I believe," he told me, "that there is a tremendous amount of evidence that people see the dead."

"I have heard of scores of cases. Mothers have seen their sons after they have died on the battlefield, thousands of miles away. We would hear of far more cases but people won't admit—they're afraid they will be thought crazy."

But there are many people today who would not brand them as crazy. One such is Dr. Donald Super, the hard-headed Methodist leader in Britain.

What he told me may startle you.

"We begin to grow our spiritual bodies—the bodies we will use after death—down here on earth," he said. "They are like the physical body, but there are marked differences."

"Some people appear to be able to see other bodies around us. A man told me mine was blue."

He maintains that we do not stand still after we have died—

we continue to develop. "My brother died when he was 26. When I next met him again I don't expect just to pick up where we left off. He will have changed just as I have. Nothing stands still."

Said Colonel R. M. Lester, founder of the Church Fellowship for Physical Study: "Religion teaches us that our thoughts, translated into prayers, can be heard and answered. Science has now revealed that thought is a vibration—just as matter is made up of vibrations or waves. So the hearing of prayer is therefore not such an impossibility as materialists regard it."

Once, science and religion were latter antagonists on questions of spiritual reality. That conflict is rapidly disappearing.

One scientist for whom it no longer exists is Mr. Peter Hodge, a physicist at University College, London, and editor of the Atomic Scientist's Journal.

The more science uncovers, he told me, "the more I become impressed by the unmistakable pattern and organization of the world."

Ask a scientist today about "Heaven" and I mean you that in at least five cases out of ten he will not succumb to the question.

Among lay people conceptions of Heaven are usually moulded by personal experiences.

GUIDANCE

Paula Bloom, the novelist, for instance, believes that it will be a job of work helping people "pull on the earth." She believes this because she is sure that people who have died are in constant contact with her, giving her their help.

"People who have died are constantly guiding me, persuading me, leading me to do the right thing. I feel very clearly."

No, don't do that—do this. Backing her up in this very strongly is Wilfred Pickles, star of British radio and television, who figures in one of that country's most popular programmes, "Ask Pickles."

He believes firmly that he is constantly guided and encouraged by his little son, who died at the age of seven.

In the Church Fellowship for Physical Study are bishops, Members of Parliament, and "certain people of high places in the life of the nation."

It has members throughout the British Commonwealth and Europe, and a branch has been formed in America.

Its scientific members and associates are conducting the most complex laboratory experiments on the problems of survival and life after death.

REALITY

And although the Fellowship is unwilling to publish its findings for a further twelve months, Colonel Lester told me this:

"In one experiment in New York a medium succeeded in bringing electric light and before a panel of scientists—in materialising a woman who died in the 17th century. The scientists touched her, listened to her heartbeat, weighed her and subjected her to blood analyses."

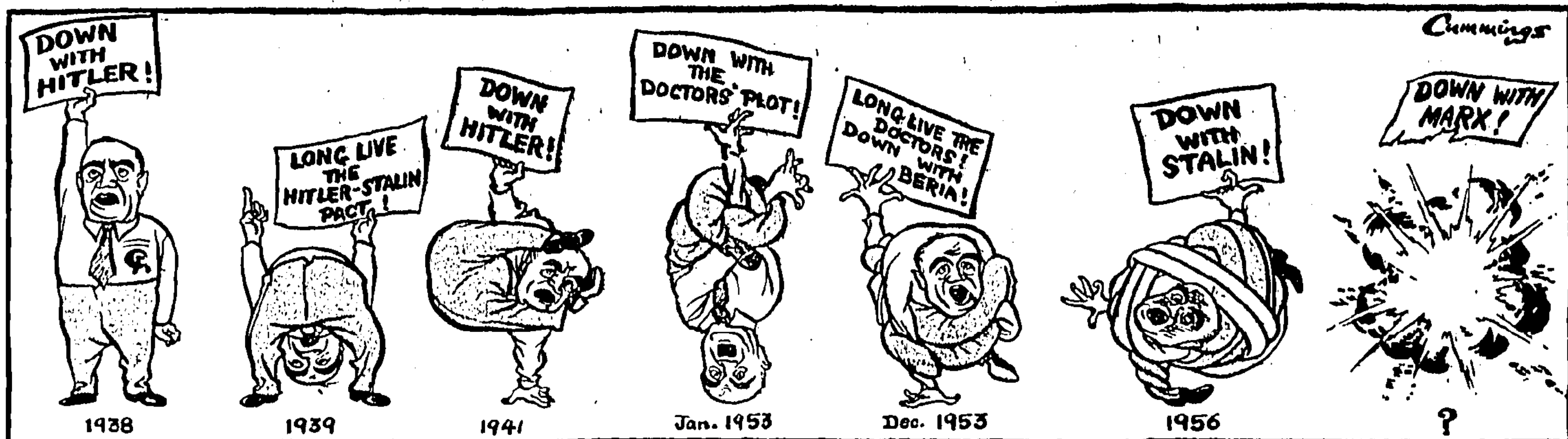
"She passed every physical test that science can devise. According to every known aspect of science she was flesh, blood and bone."

"We do not base our case on isolated instances like this. But the cumulative evidence we have amassed leaves absolutely no room whatsoever for doubt in our minds as to the reality of life after death."

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MOSCOW'S BRITISH BRANCH

—or Harry Pollitt, Boneless Wonder of King-street



London Express Service

Tell me how to be a reporter, said Merle Oberon

MERLE OBERON, wearing a delicious white hat like a bent meringue and looking fantastically beautiful, gazed at me and said: "I want to be just like you."

The sacrifice seemed hardly worth it.

Working with diamonds like a summer night, her elegant Winterhalter beauty glowing through a veil, Miss Oberon assured me she was willing to give it all up for a while. For a picture.

She wanted to know how to look, dress and behave like a woman correspondent.

This presumably was my chance to out-pix Pygmalion. Time to get some Real Truth into those hard-baked beauties who are usually seen perched brightly on the News Editor's desk using words like "sweep," "newsbeat," and "deadline."

"Can you run two miles with a 7lb. typewriter in your hand with the temperature over 110 in the shade, shouting out 'Where is the cable office?'"

In the "cable office" in Arabic as you run?" I asked.

[Miss Oberon's first editorial assignment is to be in North Africa and I reckoned she couldn't get by on less training than that.]

Miss Oberon looked tranquil.

"Tony," she said, turning to Deborah Kerr's husband, Tony Bartley. Tony is making the series of television films in which Miss Oberon will investigate the lives of the men of the Foreign Legion. "Tony, you will see that there is a dummy typewriter for me to carry round, won't you?"

"Yes, that's all right, dear, we'll have its insides taken out."

Flat heels

This was the Judgment of Solomon to me whose typewriter has been everything from pillow to pain in the neck—but I let it pass.

"Flat heels," I said flatly. "Flat heels are all you can wear on that sort of assignment," I

explained that in my experience people have always seemed too darned anxious to talk, Gregory Peck apart. There is about as much chance of a man falling in love with a female reporter as there is of his falling for a Dictaphone.

Clearly the impact of reality was getting a bit too much for Mr. Bartley and Miss Oberon. They were prepared to fight grimly for glamour in journalism.

"And don't," said I, carrying on remorselessly, "wear one of those snappy arm-band things that say PRESS on them. No

And lesson (1) was—
Run two miles in the
blazing sun shouting
'Where is the cable
office?'

journalist wears one unless there's a death penalty for not wearing it.

"That is, of course, unless you're going to make Miss Oberon so unlike the real thing that you need to label her," said I cuttingly, thinking of how fondly and vainly I had nourished the hope that one day I might be taken for something other than a reporter.

Miss Oberon, I gathered, would undoubtedly be wearing some form of Press identification.

"Clothes," said I, "one suitcase, small, at the most. You can't carry a typewriter in your teeth and in Arab countries it's the women who carry the parcels."

"Hair. You film stars think it's enough to grow your own hair. In this job you have to grow it, cut it, wash it and forget it," said I, thinking of the hair appointment I made in Cyprus which was abruptly cancelled because a "man with a gun" had called and forbidden it.

"Shall I have to take notes?" asked Miss Oberon, who started her professional life as a shorthand typist in her uncle's office and who can still remember the shorthand outline for "dear sir." Personally, although it makes a reporter look very superior not to be taking notes while world-shaking pronouncements are being made, the same reporter can look pretty silly trying to explain how these pronouncements came to be misquoted. So I advocate note-books. Not as pretty as a fountain pen, but it puts a time limit on those wide-eyed wondering stares, but you've got it in black and white.

Miss Oberon tried my notebook out for size.

"There's really nothing more to being a woman correspondent than being able to type on the back of a native bus, bullock cart or Bactrian camel. Having one arm like an orang-outang from carrying a typewriter even to the bathroom. And never, never cabling from Beirut because the cable rates are more than two shillings a word from there."

Warning

Miss Oberon gave me a flick of a look from leaf-like eyes. "Good. Makes me want to start taking notes at once. I haven't decided on my name yet. I think it will be Anne, after you."

N.B.—Miss Oberon should be warned. If she really lets herself get involved in this crazy business—she'll never want to go back to being a film star again.

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JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins

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FEEL GIDDY?

There are many medical causes—but it could be just that you have been working too hard

EASTERN MONDAY I accompanied my sister Ruth and my son to the local fair.

We were standing with our backs to the Big Wheel watching a few optimists trying to knock over some anchored coconuts. Above the piercing shouts of "Tanner a time," above the whip crack of pop guns and the brassy music of the roundabout I heard someone shouting "Doctor, doctor."

I recognised a neighbour of mine supporting a white-faced young man. He had just come off the Big Wheel and was obviously dizzy. Soon he was all right, if a bit shaky.

"I often get giddy, doctor," he said. "I don't know why."

Apart from various illnesses, a number of physical conditions can make us giddy. Many people have "no head for heights." Here the eyes are confronted with unusual depths and angles.

But not only the sensations received by the eyes can make the world seem to spin around. Altered impulses from the soles of the feet, too, may disturb our sense of balance. That is why when we walk across, say, a very lush thick carpet in a posh hotel after coming in from the hard pavement we feel that we may stumble.

Occasionally the giddiness may have a physical basis—as in those who suffer from anaemia or from high blood pressure. It may even signal a brain haemorrhage. But the fact that the giddiness is associated with getting out of bed in these organic cases is coincidental. It could happen any time.

This is certainly true of Meniere's disease—a not uncommon condition, where there is a degenerative change in the inner ear. It affects people aged between 40 and 50.

The usual story told to the doctor is that for some years the patient has observed, a degree of deafness associated with a buzzing, whistling, or roaring sound in the ears. Then one day the patient is overcome with an attack of dizziness which, lasts for a few hours. These attacks recur, but finally the disease has a tendency to clear up spontaneously.

The young man of the fair seemed to be feeling better now. "I think I'll be off," he said. "I haven't far to walk. Thank you, doctor."

But he still needed to take care. After an attack of giddiness has passed, it may start up again if the head is moved quickly from side to side.

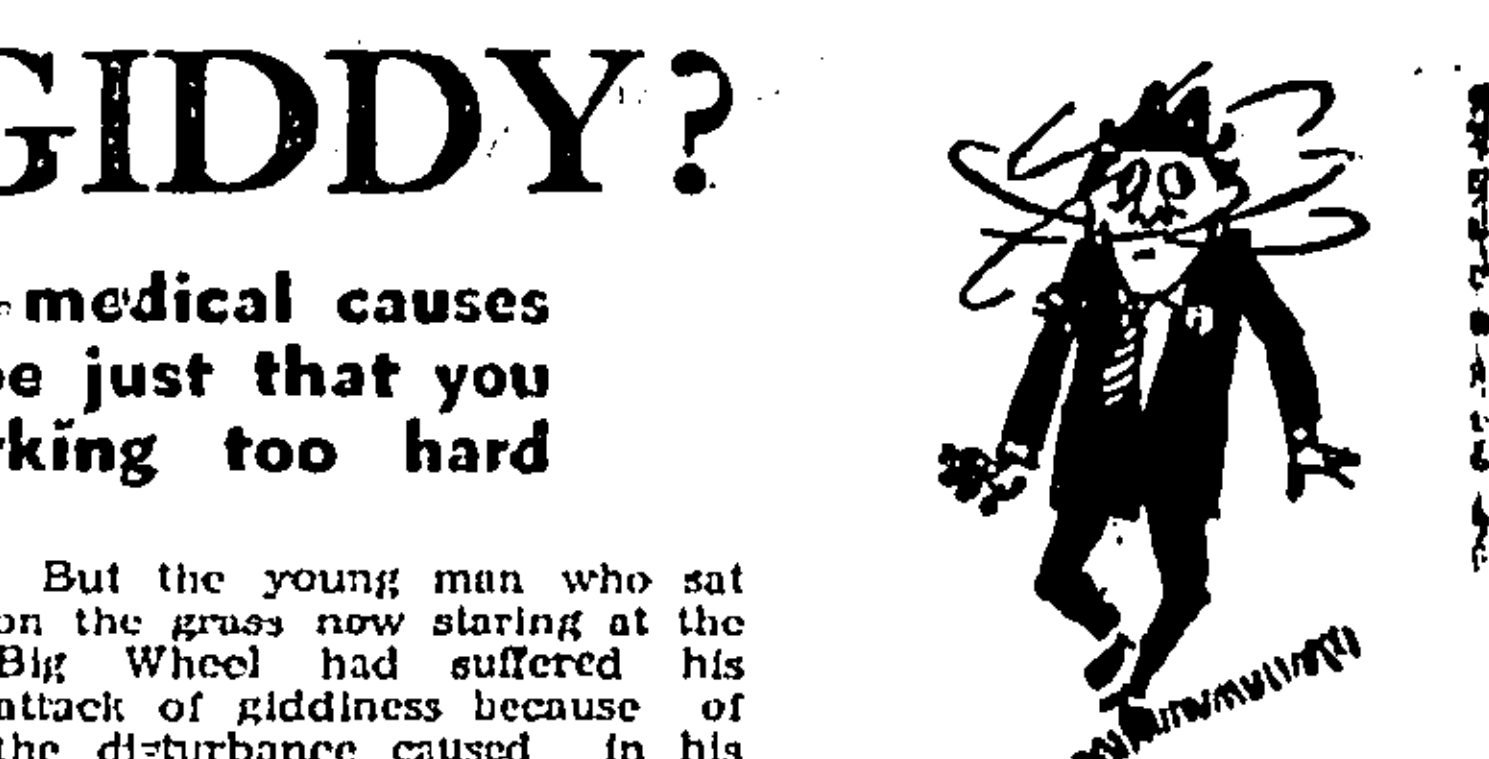
"I should rest for a while," I said.

"I wonder if they have any accidents with that Big Wheel," said my son.

And we looked upwards at the huge thing revolving. I suddenly realised my sister, Ruth, had disappeared.

"There's auntie, there's auntie, up there," shouted my son. My giddy aunt, I thought.

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ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY by Cedric Carne

But the young man who sat on the grass now staring at the Big Wheel had suffered his attack of giddiness because of the disturbance caused in his inner ear. Our inner ears, more even than our eyes and the nerve endings in our feet, control our equilibrium.

"When I got out of bed in the morning, first thing, I feel giddy," the white-faced man said, "though not as bad as I just felt."

That sort of giddiness is generally the result of not enough blood reaching the brain for a brief moment—when standing up suddenly, for instance, after sitting or lying down.

Giddiness is not uncommon in adolescence, though other age groups are subject to it—particularly the over-smoker, the convalescent, and people with a too-anxious disposition.

It can also be the penalty paid for overworking, concentrating too much, rushing about too much, or just being in an atmosphere of too much noise.

Occasionally the giddiness may have a physical basis—as in those who suffer from anaemia or from high blood pressure. It may even signal a brain haemorrhage. But the fact that the giddiness is associated with getting out of bed in these organic cases is coincidental. It could happen any time.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Fashion's Cinderella Story

By Dorothy Barkley

London. FASHION'S Cinderellas, the taller-than-average girls, have turned out to be the belles of the ball. They can now find clothes in the styles and sizes they want and are blossoming forth this spring in extra-long versions of the latest fashion lines.

Now the tall girls usually tabbed with nicknames like lofty or walking harp as though their height were something to be ashamed of, can hold their heads up. They don't mind standing out in a crowd any longer for they can look just as smart as anyone else.

The long and the short of it is that their own association, the Association for Tall Women, is winning its battle for more ready-made clothes in extra-long sizes.

ANNIVERSARY

They formed their association five years ago, now have 3,000 members. In Britain and overseas, have regular bring and buy sales (assured of success as all who come are tall), and have talks by make-up and corset experts. Their anniversary has been marked in two ways.

First, with the debut of their magazine named "Tall". Second, with the first collection of clothes designed specially for the over-five-foot-nines, a collection which pin-points the variety of clothes now made specially for them.

No longer, if their feet are larger than size nine, do they have to buy men's shoes. They have to buy the latest styles in sizes up to an American thirteen. No longer do they have to have most of their clothes made. For there is a big variety in coats and dresses for those of up to six-foot-four. And they can buy nylon stockings—once an unobtainable luxury—for a size twelve-inch foot. The country's biggest mass-production store, which only sells on a certainty has them on sale.

SPECIAL SERVICES

The special collection for extra-tall girls just finished takes the empire line and adapts it to extra-long coats. The line is flat at the top but has a very full skirt, which is stiffened to stand out, and can be worn comfortably over this season's full skirts. The line just above the waistline is decorated with small buttons, and collars, buttons and pockets are usually on the large side and set at an angle to detract from the height. The fur fabric, water-repellent and long-lasting, is a favourite trimming.

One store in particular has gone to town as the champion of the tall girls and has a department for the girls they call "Diana". They sell amongst other things extra-long versions of suits by top designer Hardy Amies. These are mostly classical styles and tweeds. They have soft shoulder-line jackets, and either gored or all-round pleated skirts. Cotton dresses have also been designed for the taller girls.

The association—tallest member 6 ft 5½ in—supply members with a list of manufacturers and shops who cater specially for them. Many of the stores do special services for the tall girls. They make their own styles in longer lengths for a small extra charge. And the tall girls can of course now buy dress patterns and knitting patterns in their own sizes.

TEENAGERS

Teenagers still at school have also been catered for. Mrs. Denis Maund, who is the secretary of the Association, and herself six-foot, has an eleven-year-old daughter who is already five-foot-five. Apart from school uniforms, she can find nothing suitable for her since the Junior Miss sizes which fit her, are too old for her. "And where," asks Mrs. Maund, "can you find a child's slipper size six and a half?" The association now has a big teenager membership and intends to chivvy manufacturers accordingly.

The battle has not stopped at clothes. Everyone has suddenly realised the inconveniences and the world is being made a more comfortable place for them. Hairdressers have installed higher chairs and higher basins. Kitchen units and adjustable ironing boards are some of the equipment on the market.

Tall girls are no longer fashion's forgotten few.



Three's Company On A Summer Vacation

COOL and smart, the same dark white-dotted cotton is used for a strapless sundress, pretty enough to go dancing, a brief playsuit, with matching bloomers, and a tailored jacket, which turns the outfit into a trim suit.

No wonder Mrs Malenkov wasn't terribly mad... but let's put less emphasis on culture and brains

The Dazzlers Have Plenty To Say

By ANNE EDWARDS

NO wonder the wife of our Russian guest took so calmly the news that he had been kissed by Englishwomen. Just look at the Englishwomen that Mr Malenkov met—Dagenham Girl Pipers and deans' wives, MPs and mayoresses.

Next time I hope we place less emphasis on culture and more on introducing our Russian visitors to some of our English dazzlers. I'd like to show them some samples of a British product that they cannot rival in their country. I'd introduce them to some of our famous lovelies—elegant, sophisticated, sexy, or sophisticated.

"Mr B and Mr K." I'd say for a start, "may I present our Miss Kay Kendall?" And I bet the cause of peace and good will would take a big step forward as their eyes lit on this gorgeous girl, with the figure of a model, the face of a film star, and more brains than sparkle than either a girl who looks her best in the kind of skirt and skirt they never see in Moscow.

An eye for

"Meet Mrs Roy Boulton." I'd say next. And Mr B. and Mr K. would get an eye for the British way of life from this typical British beauty with her rose petal skin and cornflower blue eyes and her ability to look elegant in clothes that are frilly and feminine.

"This is Helen Connor," I'd announce with pride, certain that here at least is a British institution they will fall for—an English model girl, tall, remote, golden, and elegant, who can wear a Hartnell cloud of tulle and spangles and still make you look at her—and not the dress.

"Here's Patti Morgan," I'd say, establishing friendly relations with Russia on the spot, as they shake hands with the girl from Australia who always looks bronzed, bursting

with health, and built for a bathing dress.

And finally (just to impress them favourably with our British monuments), "This is Diana Dore."

Breathless

Here are five that might even knock that six-hour speech-maker Krushchev breathless. And it's not only the scene but the conversation that would be a treat for the Russian. I'd like to ask B. and K. if there's such a thing as a Russian cocktail party," says Kay Kendall, "and what they drink. If they stuck to vodka I don't think they'd last for long."

"I'd like to know if they have that nice English habit of meeting someone for a drink. And I'd adore to talk football to them."

"I would just love to know what it's like to have a night out in Moscow," says Mrs Boulton, "and what the reaction would be if I walked into a Moscow restaurant dressed in the most perfect Dior outfit and smiling gorgeous to match."

"I'd like to know why (judging from films) the women seem to have such a rotten time—driving lorries, sweeping streets, emptying dustbins, compared to the plump, smiling, well-fed men."

"I'd love to know if they really have a sense of humour," says Helen Connor. "And what a man-about-town in Moscow is like."

"Does he take his girl out in a car or at least a taxi, and treat her to drinks, a theatre, dinner, and a night club?"

"I always imagine them earnestly trotting off to a lantern lecture about higher education."

"I'd like to know if Russian models are considered rather decadent creatures or if modelling is regarded as a per-

fectly normal profession like it is in Britain.

"After the third gin, I think I'd ask them if they've any use for a beautiful spy with a long cigarette holder."

"I would ask them about fashion," says Patti Morgan. "I can't believe that everyone in Russia dresses badly, as we are always told they do. There must be some people in Russia who dress well."

Only Miss Dore admitted, "I can't think of a thing to say to them." But then she has other gifts. She can prove that in her case, anyway, language is no barrier.

Truth, please

I counted 95 different cook-books on sale in one bookshop. And yet almost every one I opened gave the same bad old advice: "THAT..."

A rouille is easy to make if only you know how. An omelette is difficult unless you know how. Half a clove of garlic is quite enough.

Life in the kitchen is impossible without at least 12 gadgets. Margarine can be used instead of butter.

Wine improves every dish. Top milk will do as cream. I'd so much rather read the truth, THAT...

Souffles are terribly tricky until the cook really knows her oven. Omelettes are easy if the pan is hot enough. Three cloves of garlic are often none too many.

The only indispensable kitchen gadgets are a sieve and a sharp knife.

Margarine is no substitute for butter in cooking. Wine-cooked dishes are not necessarily nicer than beautifully cooked plain food.

And that double cream is not an extravagance.

The question

I note with alarm a staggering decline among men in the charming social skill of proposing marriage. Just look at what has been happening lately.

The new young couple around town, Jocelyn Stevens and Jane Sheffield, denied that either of them put the question: "I didn't propose," said he. "I didn't propose," said she.

Checking up on some other newly announced engagements, this is what I found: American striper Mary Murphy, who has just announced her engagement to Dale Robertson, told me: "Oh, he wrote first, then he rang up, and I said 'Fine.'"

The policeman Mary Holman, who is going to marry the policeman she met on the beat, told me: "He downed a couple of stiff drinks and then managed to get the words out: 'Will you marry me?'"

But the whole situation is getting out of hand... Lita Roza (the singing star) proposed herself to trumpeter Ronnie Hughes and bought her own ring for him to slip on her finger.

At least a couple of lovely girls have announced their own engagements lately, only to have the glad tidings cautiously denied by not too ecstatic swains.

When Joan Tyler announced that she expected to become engaged to George Jessel, his comment was: "I am very much interested in her."

When Kathy Grant went around saying she was going to

marry Bing Crosby, he remarked coyly: "I'm very fond of her but I haven't proposed to her."

Compare this offhand approach with the kind of proposal that Charlotte Brontë got from her curate (in the TV play recently):—

Then and now

"I have loved you for seven years," he says. "What else has been in my mind since the first day I saw you. You don't know, you cannot know what it has been like, Miss Brontë."

"I'm not clever, I'm not learned, but I could take care of you, I could comfort you, I could carry your burden. I'd be so faithful and careful, I'd serve you next to God."

"I think my heart will break if you deny me."

I'd much rather have Miss Brontë's proposal than that other one on the B.B.C., which



Kay Kendall—would like to talk football to B. and K.

is so much more typical of the kind that men dish out to girls today:—

"I like you, Eth."

Sex equality is all very well in some respects, but when it comes to romance I think men are getting a shade too equal.

"What I admire about the way you dress, Anne," said a girl friend, "is that you're so clever knowing how to deal with your disadvantages."

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An elegant evening dress of printed tulle from Jean Dore's spring-summer collection. The tulle is highlighted with unique, asymmetrical draping which leaves folds of material flowing into a long train. — Agence France-Press.



CAPTAIN John Campbell, of Landrick House, Dumbarton, snapped with his bride, Miss Jane Leyshon, of Ormos Bungalow, Hongkong, after their wedding in St Andrew's Church, Callander, Scotland, on April 10. The bride is the daughter of Mr and Mrs Frank Leyshon. (Northern Press)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham arriving at the New York Theatre for the charity premiere of "The Ladykillers," in aid of Earl Haig's Fund. They were welcomed by Col. J. D. Clague (extreme right), President of the Hongkong and China Branch of the British Legion, and Mrs Clague. (Staff Photographer)

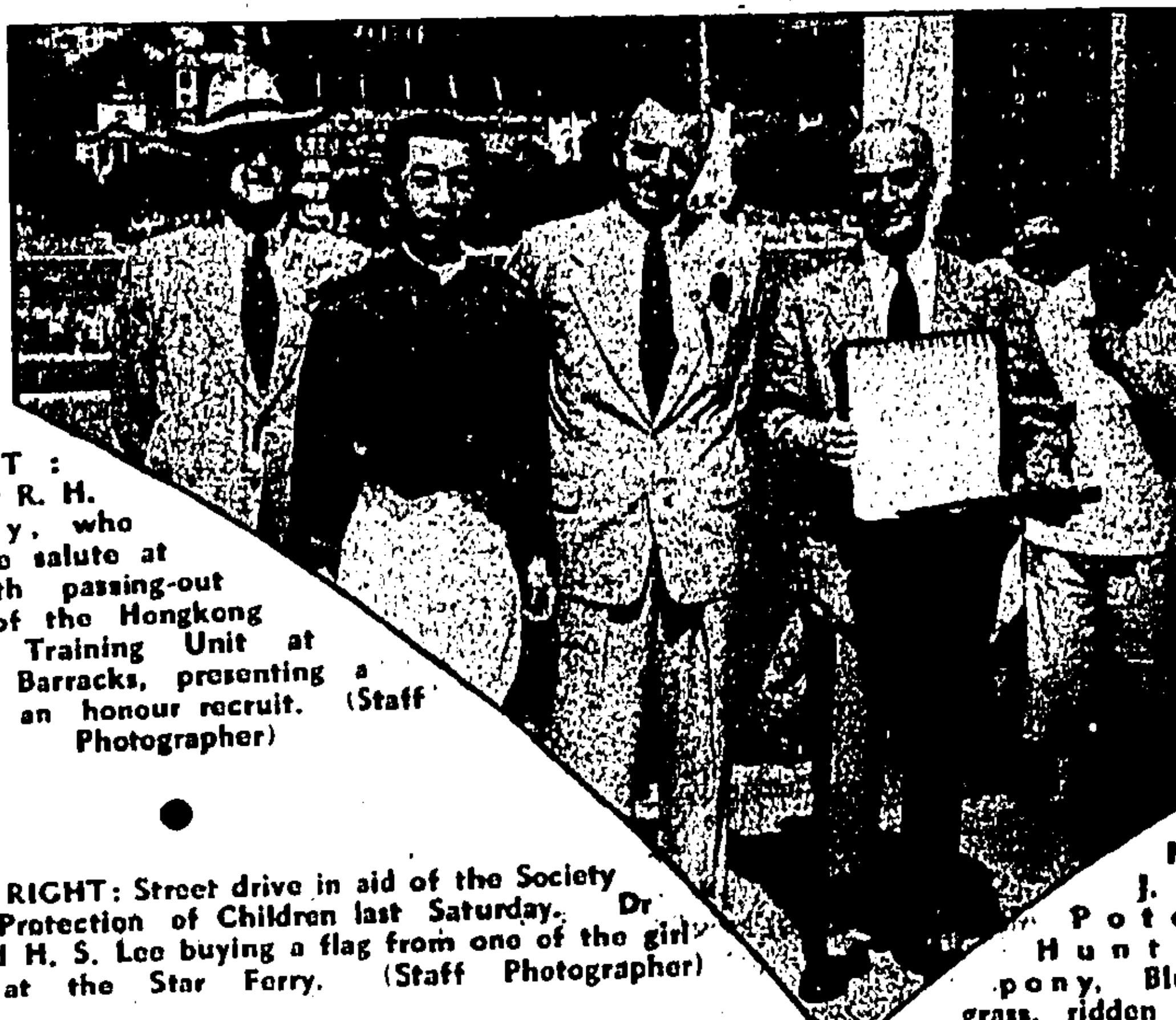


MR A. H. McKenzie, who piped in the Haggis at the Ladies' Festival of Scottish Freemasonry in Hongkong and South China, holds aloft the quail with a drink offered by the District Grand Master, Mr D. S. Hill. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Miss Irene Kohler, celebrated English pianist, greeted on her arrival here at Kai Tak by Mr Peter Sharp (centre), President of the Music Society of Hongkong, and Mr K. C. Harvey. Miss Kohler's concerts here were arranged by the Society. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Brigadier R. H. Bellamy, who took the salute at the 20th passing-out parade of the Hongkong Chinese Training Unit at Lyemun Barracks, presenting a prize to an honour recruit. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW RIGHT: Street drive in aid of the Society for the Protection of Children last Saturday. Dr Raymond H. S. Lee buying a flag from one of the girls' sellers at the Star Ferry. (Staff Photographer)



MR J. O. Pote Hunt's pony, Bluegrass, ridden by Mr H. K. Hung, won the St George's Plate at Happy Valley last Saturday. From left: Col H. B. L. Dowbiggin, Mr Hung, the Hon. M. W. Turner, President of St. George's Society, and Mr Pote Hunt. (Staff Photographer)

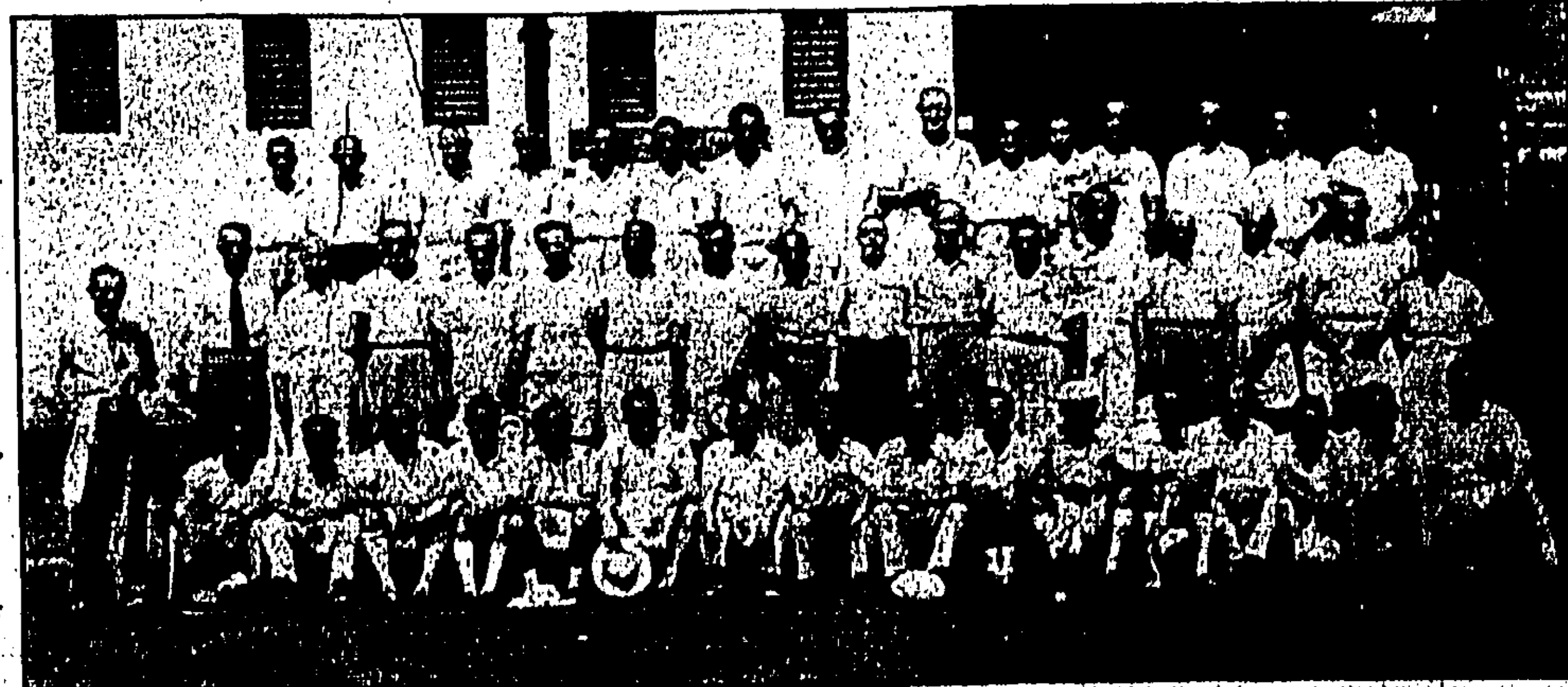


THE latest class of Waihaiwei recruits of the Police Force graduated at a passing-out parade at Aberdeen last Saturday. Mr C. J. Norman, Commissioner of Prisons, who took the salute, here seen inspecting the men on parade. (Staff Photographer)

DR Paul D. White, (second from right, seated) the eminent heart specialist who attended President Eisenhower during his illness, and Rear-Admiral B. W. Hogan (second from left), Surgeon-General of the U.S. Navy, entertained to dinner at the Golden Restaurant by Mr Jack Chau, who is seated between the two principal guests. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Yvonne, eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs Mok Hing-wing, and Charles, elder son of Mr and Mrs Richard Pan, whose engagement has been announced. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: Players in the Craigongower Cricket Club's annual President's v. Vice-President's lawn bowls match. (Staff Photographer)



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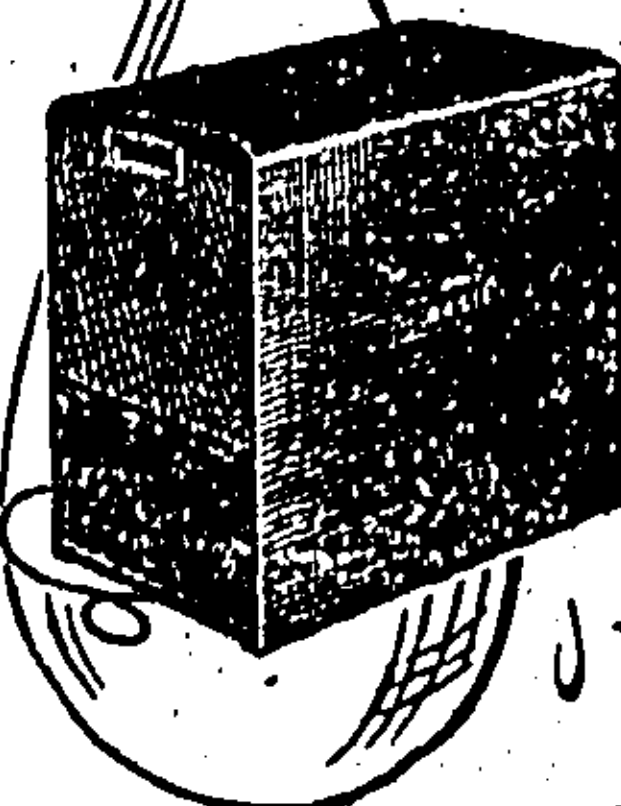
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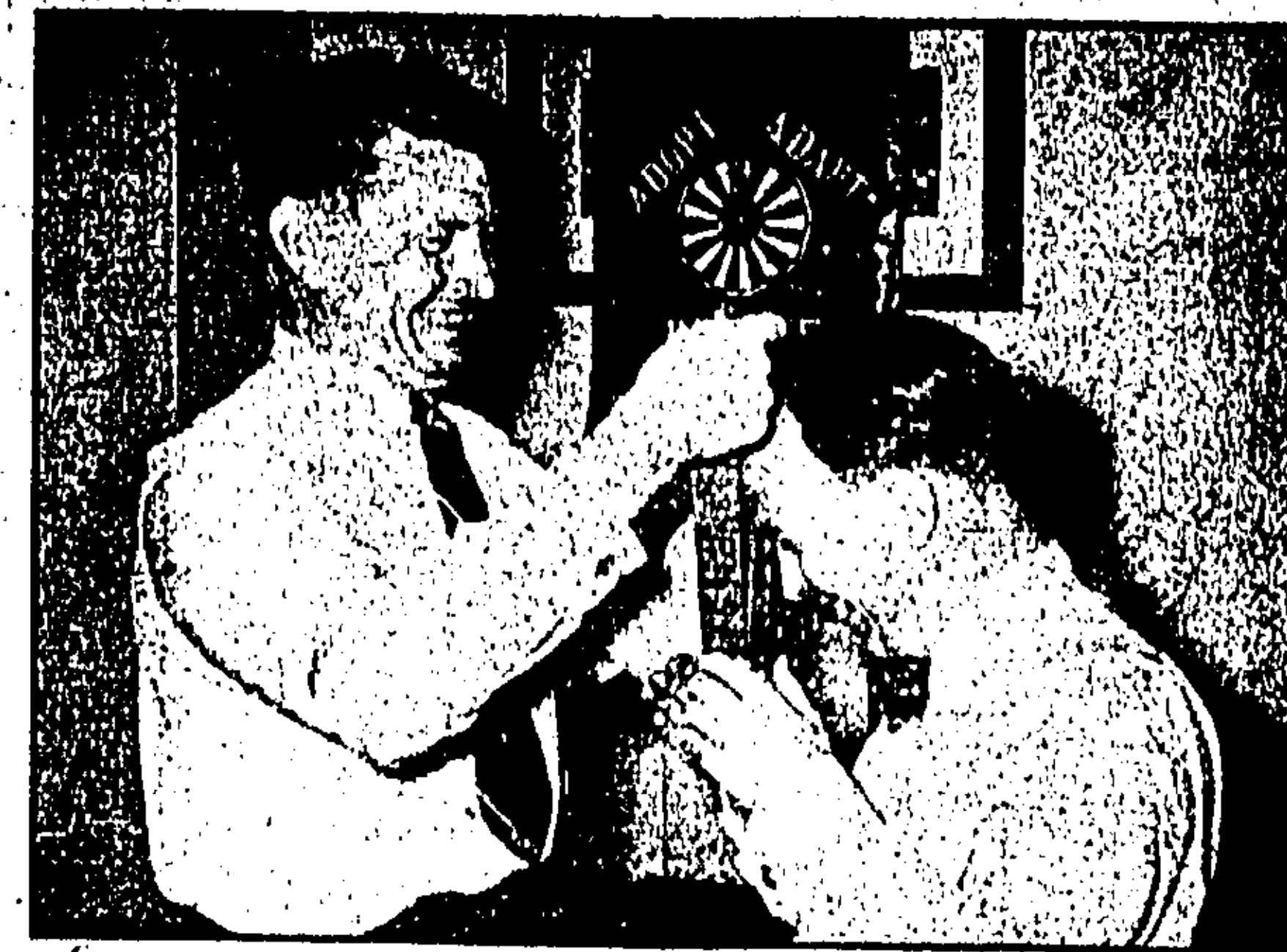
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SHAKESPEARE'S "Julius Caesar" as performed by Sixth Form boys of St Stephen's College at Stanley last night. Right: One of the players being made up by Mrs S. Hughes. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Registry last Saturday of Mr Dennis John Little and Miss Jean Granger Ferguson. (Staff Photographer)



THE new Chairman of Hongkong Round Table No. 1, Mr Robert A. Watters (right), receiving his badge of office from the hands of the outgoing Chairman, S/Ldr E. J. J. Squires, at the annual meeting of the group.



LEFT: Mr John Joseph Rogers and his bride, Miss Robena Patricia Charlton. They were married at St Joseph's Church. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mrs A. D. Messenger, wife of the Air Officer Commanding, presenting prizes at the conclusion of the RAF sports on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Moses Gutierrez, President of the St Francis Xavier College Old Boys' Association, speaking before the opening of the College bazaar last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: China's football team, which defeated Scotland 8-0 to win the International Cup at the Hongkong Football Club stadium on Wednesday evening. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Lt Howard, who captained the 1 King's Own team that won the Major Unit's soccer knock-out tournament, receiving the trophy from the Commander, British Forces, Lt-Gen. W. H. Stratton, at Sek Kong. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group picture taken on the occasion of the inauguration of new Directors of the Po Lung Kuk. Mr Hui Ngok is this year's Chairman. (Staff Photographer)

SOME of the dresses and swimsuits displayed at the fashion show held at the Ho Tung Technical School for Girls. (Staff Photographer)



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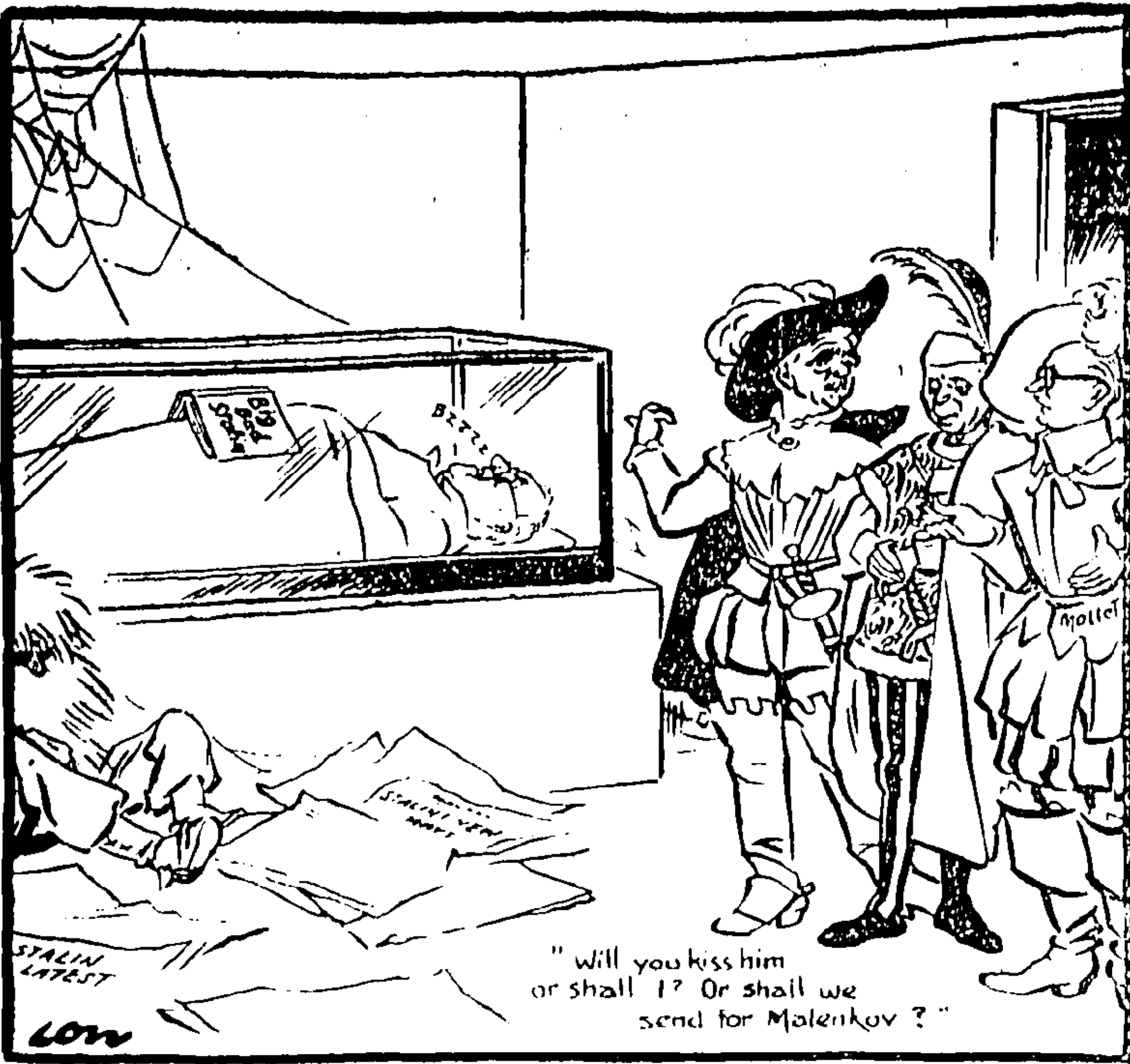
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SLEEPING BEAUTY

HOW HONGKONG STRUCK DON IDDON

COLONY BRITISH ARE NOT DEFEATIST

HONGKONG is under the Communist gun but is smiling. This is either a spectacular example of British gallantry and nonchalance or is blind stupidity.

The Americans, with their scores of "vice-consuls," their escape ship, and their unyielding hostility to what they call Red China, say it is blind stupidity. They think we and the Chinese are fattening and making rich the Hongkong goose for the Red Chinese dragon to devour.

I have never known a situation on which the British and the Americans disagree so much.

Our men here, from the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, down, have faith

and confidence that Hongkong, which we created from a rock into the world's most enchanting city, will remain British.

Mr Alan Whiting, managing director of Rediffusion Hongkong, where I made a "Follow the Flag" broadcast—the sixth since the tour began—told me: "Come here again in twenty years. You'll find us here. You'll find Hongkong booming, better than ever, and more British than ever."

When pictures of Tommy Cashman and myself were taken on the other side of the railway bridge did not like me. They stared glum and hostile—steel-limbed, gun-toting and menacing.

THE chairman and executives of the South China Morning Post and China Mail, who gave me lunch at the spacious Hongkong Club, said: "Hongkong is not going to fall into Communist hands."

And Charles Silas, who runs a magnificent modern cotton mill with machinery from Darwen (Lancashire) and the United States, says: "We are here in business—big business—and we are here to stay."

Hongkong is one of Britain's proudest achievements. It ousts all cities, including San Francisco, in beauty. The harbour is breathtaking; the skyscrapers challenge New York's, and the houses are built in tiers into the mountains which shelter and embrace Hongkong.

The British and their good friends the Chinese have done all this in a few decades. There was nothing, and now there is everything. Dr Sun Yat-sen asked: "How was it that foreigners, that Englishmen, could do such things with the barren rock of Hongkong within seventy and eighty years, while China in 4,000 years had no place like Hongkong?"

Lesson For All

HERE is a city of 2,500,000 people, which since the war has more than doubled its population and increased its industries tenfold. Its people are smiling and hard-working, and better groomed than many American and British crowds. They are also harder-working. Its ferries, which transport millions of people across the blue harbour, are among the world's finest and most efficient. The world can learn and profit from Hongkong.

Hundreds of thousands of refugees who fled the terror and descended upon Hongkong are being housed in apartment buildings which rival those in Manhattan and Beverly Hills. The schools are excellent. There are still the squatters' camps, with their tangle of shacks of tarpaulin, plywood, cellophane strips and cardboard, but every week they are being torn down and replaced with fine modern accommodation.

Achievement Soars

THERE is an orgy of building, of frantic construction and expansion here. Mountains are being leveled literally; land is being reclaimed from the sea; reservoirs are being built to quench the thirst of the city. (The water shortage is still acute and taps are shut off in my hotel most of the day and night). But the achievement is soaring—not matched anywhere. And who is doing all this? The British and the Chinese together.

The dragon hills of Kowloon echo with the work. But there is a gun in Hongkong's ribs which the Americans say one day will be fired. The United States is convinced that all this treasure and trade will fall to the Communists, not as quickly as Singapore, but soon. They are defeatist and have given up. We have not, and will not.

Jock Murray, the Public Relations Officer, and Police Superintendent Tommy Cashman took me to the New Territories, which we hold under lease. We drove into the closed area, into the no man's land, to the border itself at Lo Wu. I expected to see warning signs on the way. There was only one. It said: "Danger—Beware of Golfballs" on the road near the Jockey Club.

There could hardly be anything more English. The Reds were a mile or two away; their armies threatened; and we were warning about golfballs!

I did not like Lo Wu much, and I am sure the Red sentries on the other side of the railway bridge did not like me. They stared glum and hostile—steel-limbed, gun-toting and menacing.

No Tension

EIGHT thousand people cross the border every day, and there is a talk of through rail traffic between Kowloon and Canton—but I wonder. The Chinese, who have settled and prospered under British rule in Hongkong visit their relatives and friends in China and return, and the Chinese visit British Hongkong. Farmers cross each day to work in the fields. It is a two-way traffic, and the crowd at the border when I was there was like an excursion group. I was not conscious of any acute tension, although I did not like the Red Chinese sentries.

Our chaps are smart policemen in shorts, trained expertly by British officers. Cashman said: "There is a certain amount of strain—some of our men get nerve trouble now and again."

Curiously, the railway porters on China's side wear blue caps, and the porters on our side wear red ones.

I also drove to Man Kam To, which is the road border. And the Red guards are even more tough there. I was warned not to go too close. There is no communication whatsoever between our men and the Red Chinese guards. The Communists don't talk, wave, smile or behave like human beings. It could not be more different than the US-Canadian border.

Wonderful Job

THE Communists blame propaganda on the Chinese on the British side, but one Chinese told me: "We don't listen—it's just noise."

Every day at 4.30 in the afternoon the border is closed and the barbed-wire goes up. We keep a spotlight trained on the other side, but the Communists don't.

I think you should know what gallant work our police are doing here, and the Chinese police they have fashioned. There are little forts here known as "Mackintosh Cathedrals," after a former brilliant police chief. These forts are strung along the border right under the Communist guns, and our men keep the vigil day in and day out. It is a hellish job, but there's never any lack of volunteers.

Of course, the Communists could take us and Hongkong any week-end if they wanted to. That is obvious. Our army says we could put up a show, and there is even talk of some bold strategy for us to penetrate the opposite side if we are ever attacked. But it does not make much sense to me.

We hold Hongkong not by military force but by moral force, and because of the simple fact that a world war

would result if the Reds ever decided to try and gobble us.

We are doing a wonderful propaganda job, not so much by words as by example. The British and Chinese achievements in Hongkong are so spectacular that they have become legend. The Chinese in the homeland hear about the marvels and miracles of British rule, and they wonder.

Don't tell the British short in this part of the world. The British are very much on the ball.

The Governor, who was kind enough to ask me to dinner, said: "The plain fact is that two and a quarter million Chinese live in Hongkong because they want to be there." They do. They love it. And they are doing well.

Brilliant Jewel

AT Charles Silas' mill I saw a them working. Charles said: "Doesn't look like sweated labour, does it? We pay them wages nearer West European standards than West European standards are to American—more than half the British. I know we are not popular with Lancashire, but I'm Lancashire myself."

I said: "So am I." Now, what is Hongkong's future? The Americans say disaster and seizure by Communist China. The British say: "We will be here for years, building, doing business, making Hongkong ever better and more beautiful."

I cannot pretend to know the answer on such a brief visit. But my instinct is that the British are right, that the courage and confidence which have made Hongkong our most brilliant jewel will keep it in the Crown for a long long time. (Copyright)

JAPAN IS AGAIN A FORCE IN ASIA

By Dr PETER RUSSO

Japanese and Chinese-reading political expert on Far East affairs, who passed through Hongkong on his way to Japan earlier this week

ONLY once during the last three weeks of flying in and about Southeast Asia have I been in a plane that did not contain Japanese. I had no Japanese fellow-passengers on the return flight from the Federation of Malaya to Singapore.

"They haven't properly got round to us yet," said my Australian plane companion, an executive of a Singapore glass factory. "But they will, they will."

The irony of Japan's post-war incursions into Asian trade and industry is that they are so neat and correct; the Japanese are behaving just as the democratic doctors ordered, and the patient is doing fine—much better, indeed, than his competitors hoped he would do.

Where before the war, the Japanese had worked up a reputation for dumping shoddy goods or installing warped machinery, today some of the old European and American firms are raging over the SUPERIOR quality of Japanese goods and the high technical standards of Japanese industry.

Bitterness fading

THERE is nothing like losing a war if you want to bring yourself up to date and get a head's start on the "winners."

I had been taking notes on Japan's Asian enterprise from the beginning of my tour, but I soon decided there was no way of keeping abreast and that I had better wait until I reached Japan.

Basic industries, hydro-electric power, steel bridges, huge refrigeration plants, glass and paper factories, to say nothing of the vast quantities of cheap, high-quality goods for the retail trade, all bear the mark of Nippon in Asia, hell-bent on business and economic recovery.

We can perhaps get some notion of the degree of Japanese trade expansion in Asia from the published figures, misleading as they generally are.

But of equal interest in the broader pattern of Asian development is the nature of the postwar relationships



EVIDENCE: Peter Russo shows these booklets to prove how Japanese has become the second language to English in parts of the Orient.

To make sure, I drew the attention of an old British resident of Bangkok to the extensive caption in the Thai Tourist Guide, an English publication intended mainly for visiting Europeans and Americans.

My friend said there was nothing unusual about such "Chinese" translations in Thailand, even in Thai tourist publications.

The point, as you may have guessed, was that these translations were NOT CHINESE BUT JAPANESE.

The Japanese language in the Thai Tourist Guide had become the second language after English; in one full page advertisement—the Crocodile Store—the Japanese came first and the English summary followed.

Now, to appreciate the extraordinary respect and deference that has gone into these polished Japanese translations, one should remember that not only are Japanese commercial travellers abroad university graduates who read English perfectly, but, as they use the same Chinese characters, though in different sequence, in their own language, they can read Chinese advertising with equal readiness.

It spells welcome

THE Thai Guide's linguistic gesture, the first of its kind in Asia, is therefore, a pure token of good will, one which could be compared with an unnecessary translation of Australian hotel menus into Japanese (heavens above), to let Japanese good buyers know they are welcome and their money is good.

This does not mean that the odour of dumptiness no longer hangs heavy on the economic air of Asia.

It does, and the absurdity of the turnabout is looming as the industrial "monoculture" which will try to take up where Japan left off.

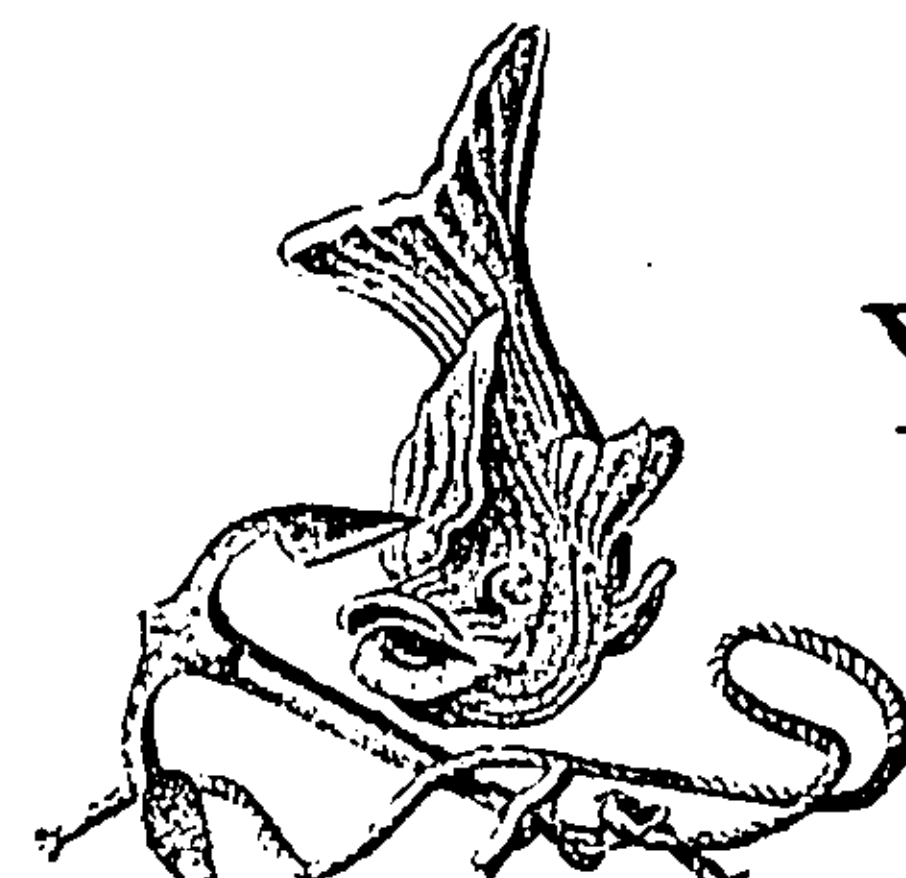
Thai stores cluttered with cheap Chinese goods, they penetrate India, Indonesia, India, and you know when—or whether—the trickle may develop into flood that will still produce at home.

Growing in sympathy with Japan stems part from the desperate need of industrially backward Asian countries to stand on thorn technological feet as quickly as possible.

They had dominion

THEIR dread now is "economic nationalism," the fear of alienation through overdependence on foreign aid or importation, not designed to see them industrially self-sufficient or nearly so.

I do not think it is exaggerated to say that, despite Japan's time deprivations in Asia, bitter memories, the many of independent Asians did prefer, where possible, to acquire their technological know-how and industrial plants from fellow-Asians; the Japanese are the only Asians at present competent to do the job.



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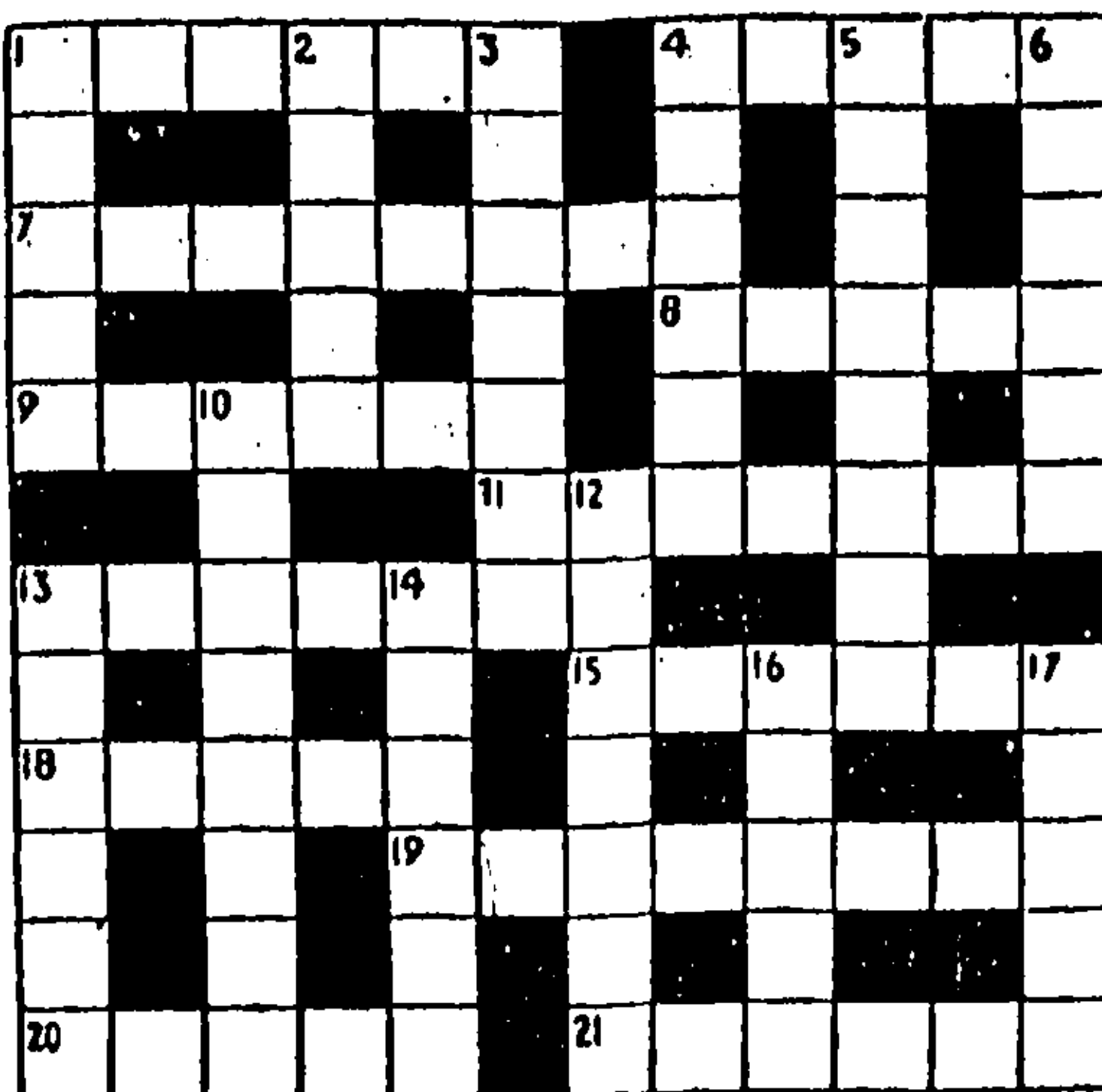
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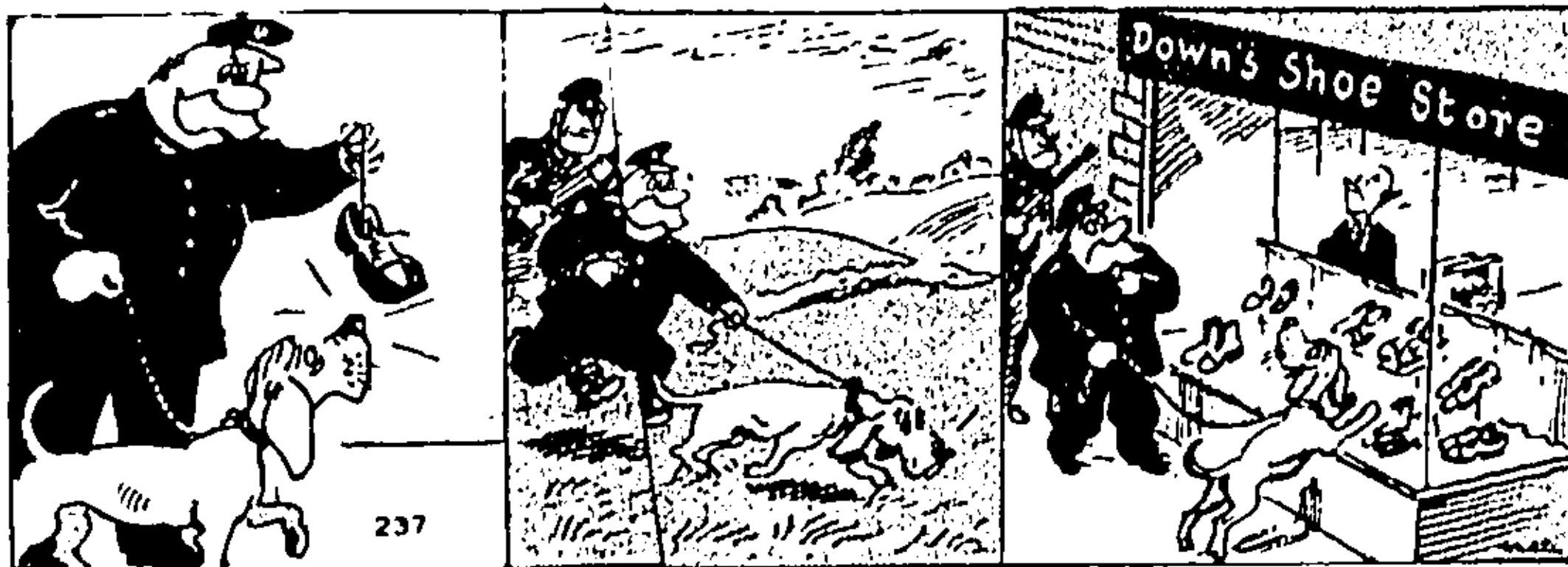
- 1 Swallowed (6).
4 Indefinite (5).
7 Gets better (8).
8 Boy's name (5).
9 Parent (6).
11 Consoled (7).
13 Began (7).
15 Swindle (colloq.) (6).
18 Change (5).
19 Join up again (8).
20 Relieved (5).
21 Elephant (6).

DOWN

- 1 Woe (5).
2 Dry up (5).
3 Different (7).
4 Craft (6).
5 Made faces (8).
6 Worked for (6).
14 Men guilty of treason (8).
12 Remnant (7).
13 Firm (6).
14 Very hot (6).
16 Valleys (5).
17 One in (5).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1. Ache, 4. Denature, 8. Real, 9. Flea, 10. Ramsack, 11. Suet, 12. Bale, 14. Severed, 17. Arise, 19. Valse, 22. Escapes, 23. Versé, 27. Pile, 28. Popular, 29. Take, 30. Left, 31. Meekness, 32. Sash. Down: 2. Cellar, 3. Erases, 4. Dances, 5. Elated, 6. Tamed, 7. Ruche, 12. Bare, 13. Loot, 15. Rule, 16. Dead, 18. Impide, 20. Airts, 21. Snakes, 23. Stole, 24. Equal, 25. Sires.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



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The MAN WHO WALKED OUT OF SIBERIA

Mr Rawicz, a Polo, was a prisoner in Camp 303. One year later he was in India—having set out without compass or water bottle to walk 3,000 miles across the Gobi Desert and the Himalayas to freedom . . .

By **ERIC WILLIAMS**
author of "The Wooden Horse"

THOSE of us who thrilled to John Buchan and Dornford Yates, and followed Bulldog Drummond in his beer-swilling career of illicit philanthropy, had pretty fixed ideas about the physical appearance and behaviour of a man of action.

There was the steely eye and the determined chin, all the slight tell-tale signs to warn an aggressor that here was a man to be treated with a certain circumspection.

With the war fought and won, and the men who won it mostly back in civilian life, we have learned that we cannot always tell these things by outward signs.

A REAR-GUNNER

The man who brings our bread each morning was a rear-gunner, DFC, who baled out over France, walked into Spain and turned up to fly again.

The mild-mannered business man in the bowler hat who sits beside us in the Tube has killed with a knife in the soft Aegean night, or spent days without food or water on a raft in mid-Atlantic.

The war, with its chaotic reshuffling of so many of our

lives, made heroes out of bank clerks, men of action out of poets, poets out of men of action.

Now, after 15 years, Slavomir Rawicz, once an officer in a crack Polish cavalry regiment and today a salesman in a retail store "somewhere in the Midlands," tells of his escape from a forced labour camp in Siberia. It is the story of one of the most amazing journeys on foot ever recorded.

TRUMPED-UP

Although he fought on the Polish Western Front against Germany in the double rape of Poland in September 1939, it was on a trumped-up charge by the Russians of spying on the eastern boundary that he was arrested two months later.

The fact that he had as a boy learned to speak perfect Russian from his Russian mother was enough to convince them that he was a spy, but for form's sake they had to get a signed confession.

For a whole year they tried out on him the more ingenious methods devised by civilized man to make a human being talk, to make him sign a document he was never allowed to read.

He was confined for six months in a chimney-like cell where he could only stand and which was never cleaned, so that the miserable prisoner had to live in his own mounting filth. He was taken out of this cell for interrogation and torture only.

His chief inquisitor, "The Bull," hit him on the jaw with his pistol butt, so that he spat out teeth and his face swelled, and the next day the Bull said "You look lopsided," and bashed his other cheek to "square you up."

A patch of hair the size of a coin was shaved from the crown of his head. Sometimes soldiers in relays tapped this spot at two-second intervals; at others, it

steady drip, drip of icy water was directed on to it for hours on end.

But Rawicz was one of the Bull's few failures. They moved him to Lubyanka goal, and tried harder. There the stuff they dumped on to him was not tar, not icy water; and on to the back of his hand not the top of his head. Still he held out, and he never consciously signed the confession.

He underwent the formality of a trial, was found guilty and sentenced to 25 years' hard labour in Siberia.

There was a nightmare journey in winter to Camp 303, 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle. The first 3,000 miles was by train, 80 men packed tight in a cattle truck, moving only at night, in secrecy. Then the prisoners walked 800 miles at four miles an hour, chained behind a lorry, until the fury of a Siberian blizzard halted the vehicles.

TETHERED

The officer commanding the convoy summoned reindeer sledges, and they finished the last 200 miles tethered behind these.

They slept out, and were fed twice a day on bread and ersatz coffee. Many of the older men died on the journey.

When they reached Camp 303 Rawicz at last saw the possibility of escape. He was underfed by lack of provisions, lack of clothing, and the vast distance to be covered on foot without map, compass or water bottle. He chose six companions: a Yugoslav, two other Poles, a Lithuanian, a Latvian and an American. After making what preparations they could, they escaped from the camp in April 1941, in a snowstorm, and began to walk south.

ATE SNAKES

During their long walk of over 3,000 miles, they broke the ice and caught fish in a northern river, killed a deer trapped by its antlers in the roots of a tree, ate snakes in the Gobi Desert. But these were exceptional occasions that stuck in the memory. For most of that year's march they were near starving and, in the desert, without sufficient water.

They met a young Polish girl escaping from a forced labour farm, and befriended her, taking her along with them. She was the first to die.

Finally four survivors, barely alive, staggered down the southern slopes into India, where they were welcomed by a British army patrol.

The prisoners Rawicz and his companions overcame proves once again that the free spirit is invincible. The help they gave to each other and to the girl, and the hospitality they received from Mongolians and Tibetans, restored in the author the faith in humanity that his treatment as a prisoner had destroyed.

SORRY FOR BARRY

By **NANCY SPAIN**

COLONEL ROBERT HENRIQUES writes very differently of love and business. But then he is a most distinguished writer.

RED OVER GREEN (Collins 13s. 6d.) is all about a collector called Barry whose wife is dying. Barry falls in love with Kate. He, alas, thinks Kate no better than she ought to be. (This is just his imagination. Kate is ever so nice really.) Barry joins up in 1938, thinking that the Army will be the making of him. It is indeed. By 1940 Barry has lost his paunch, become a commando, and led a very exciting raid on the French coast, where he helps put out of action an aircraft detector called a Flugzeugentrickerkontrolle. Fortunately its code word is Barwig.

Colonel Henriques is awfully good about men: his portraits of brigadiers, colonels, generals have not been better done, not even by Evelyn Waugh.

So I think it is awfully sad that he writes so unhappily of love. I am sure that this is because he is so exasperated by his heroine, Kate.

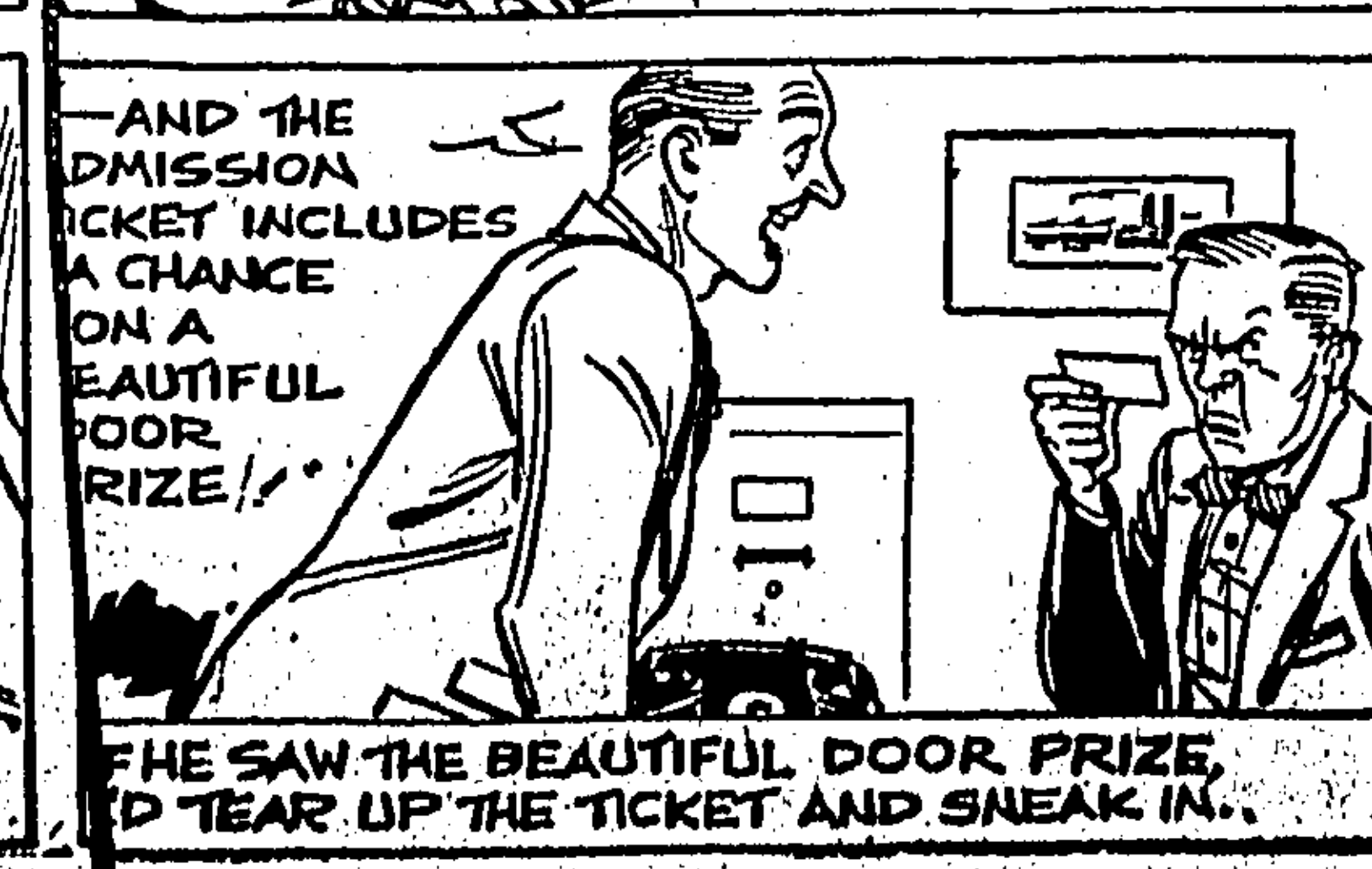
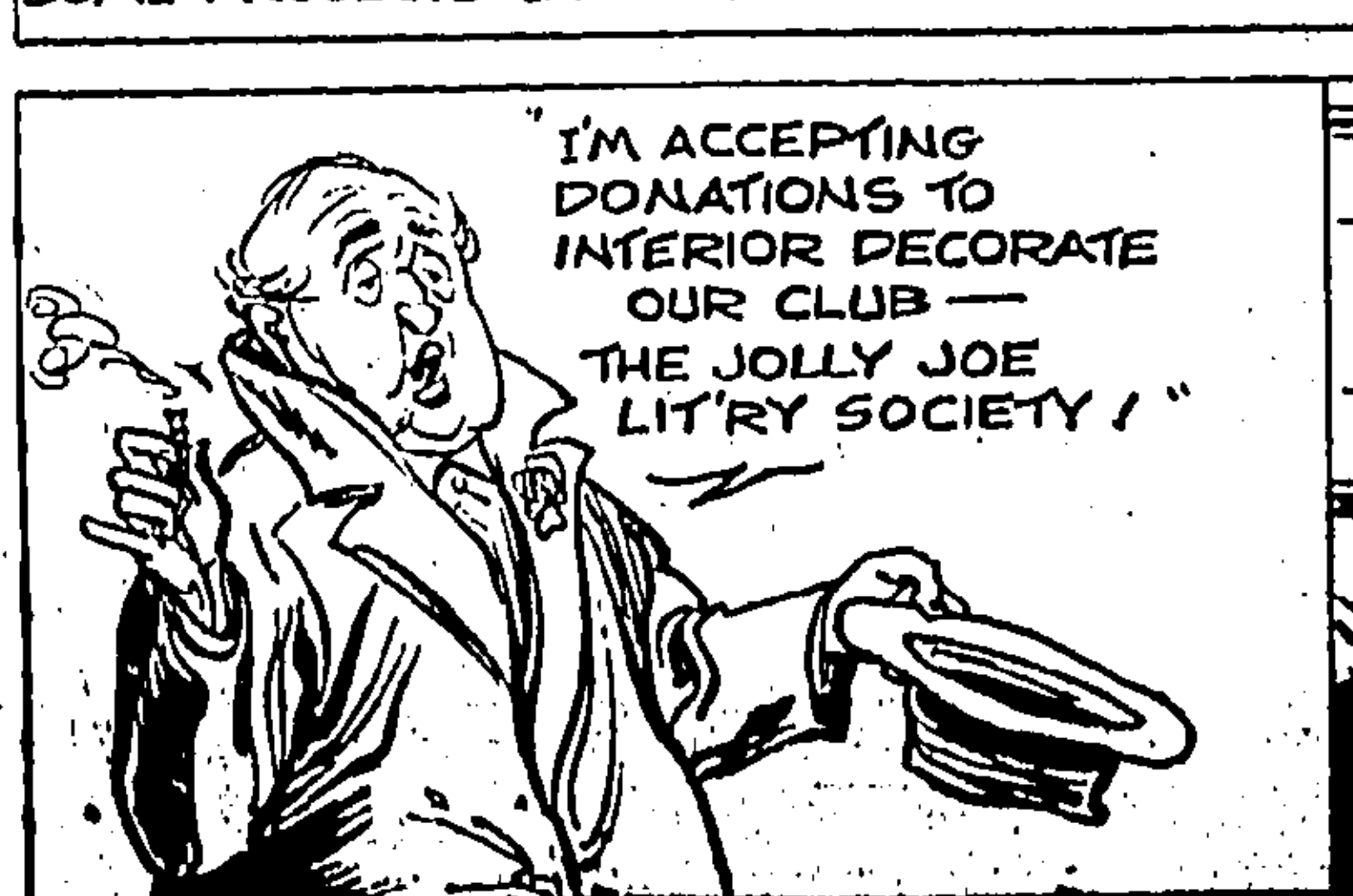
All ends happily (with Kate and Barry driving away into the sunset), but I can't help being sorry for Barry. I don't see how anyone could be happily married to a woman who says every five minutes "How's Mr Barry?"

That seems to me as irritating as the husband who finds a little job to do at the bottom of the garden as soon as Sunday lunch is on the table.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Passing The Hat

BY **HARRY WEINERT**



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

"Beginner's Please"—New Series Starts On Thursday Night



Celebrated variety artiste Tessa O'Shea, who can be heard in "The Tessa O'Shea Show" from Radio Hongkong on Tuesday evening at 8.15.

On Thursday, at 8.45, listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear the first edition of another series of amateur talent contests, "Beginner's Please", compiled by John Wallace. There will be six weekly programmes, and the winner of each Heat will be invited to compete in the finals for cash prizes.

The winners of each programme will be determined, as in the last series, by applause from the studio audience, and a panel of judges. If you would like to join the studio audience, or take part as a competitor, you should write to the producer, Hilary Green, at Radio Hongkong, Post Office Box 200.

The Military and Dance Sections of the RAF Band of the Far East Air Force are on a short visit to Hongkong, for the occasion of the Queen's Birthday Parade. Radio Hongkong will be presenting two programmes by the orchestra during the coming week.

The first, tomorrow evening, will be a concert by the Military Band, under their conductor, the Director of Music, Mr. L. W. G. Newman, RAF, and they will be playing by kind permission of the Commander-in-Chief, Air Marshal Sir Francis Fressanges, KCB, CB.

Their programme will include "The Jolly Sailor", "Yeomen of England" sung by John Hull, and ends with a selection from "Guys and Dolls". It will be on the air at half past seven.

The second programme, on Wednesday evening at 10.30, will be given by the Dance section of the Orchestra, and on this occasion their leader will be Sgt. Bryn Jones. Both these programmes have been recorded at the RAF cinema at Kai Tak, before a service audience, and are introduced by John Wallace.

Tessa O'Shea Show

One of the most famous of English variety stars, comedienne Tessa O'Shea, affectionately known as "Two Ton Tessa", gives a concert for patients and servicemen this afternoon at the 33rd General Hospital, Kowloon.

Supporting Tessa O'Shea in the show are Alie Halls, Patricia Hall, Peter Kent and Ernest Wampole, and excerpts from it can be heard by listeners to Radio Hongkong at 8.15 on Tuesday evening.

MUSIC

Tomorrow evening's Sunday Concert features a programme recorded by the BBC at the ninth Edinburgh International Festival, in which the BBC Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, play with soloists Zino Francescatti (violin) and Pierre Fournier (cello).

The programme consists of two works, Suite No. 3 in D by Bach, and Brahms's Double Concerto in A minor for violin, cello and orchestra, Opus 102.

Recital: An interesting programme has been chosen by Ely Alvey (viola) and Moya Rea (piano) for their broadcast recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Monday evening at 8.30.

South China and RAF v. KMB will be broadcast today and tomorrow respectively, from 6.30 to 7.15 p.m. over Radio Hongkong. There will also, as usual on Saturday evenings, be a round-up of the highlights of the week's sport.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.

1.45 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.

2.00 JUST FOR YOU.

2.15 A LIFE OF HISS—WRITTEN BY GUDRIY HARRISON.

2.30 FORCES' CHOICE.

2.45 DANCE VARIATIONS.

3.00 ORQUESTA TIPICA DE MEXICO CITY.

3.15 STUDIO UNIT REQUESTS.

3.30 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

3.45 SONGS OF HAWAII.

3.55 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

4.15 REPERTORY CONCERT ENCORES.

4.30 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens); Metodyevsky.

4.45 THE SWAN (Saint-Saens); Metodyevsky.

5.00 THIS WEEK.

5.15 THE TONNAGE ORCHESTRA.

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With Radio and Back at the pianos.

5.15 ALFREDO ANTONINI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

5.30 THE GOON SHOW (DRCTB).

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11.45 THE GOON SHOW (DRCTB).

OF THE FAR EAST AIR FORCE.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

1.45 WEATHER REPORT.

2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

2.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

2.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

2.45 WEATHER REPORT.

3.00 CLOSE DOWN.

3.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

3.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

3.45 WEATHER REPORT.

4.00 CLOSE DOWN.

4.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

4.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

4.45 WEATHER REPORT.

5.00 CLOSE DOWN.

5.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

5.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

5.45 WEATHER REPORT.

6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

6.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

6.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 CLOSE DOWN.

7.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

7.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 CLOSE DOWN.

8.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

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8.30 MUSIC OF ERIC COATES.

8.45 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 CLOSE DOWN.

9.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.



Distributors: Dodwell & Co., Ltd., Hongkong.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

ELEVENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 28th April and Saturday, 5th May, 1956.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race will be run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1955 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADIES BROOCHES ARE VALID UNTIL THE END OF THE CURRENT RACING SEASON.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20.00 each per day and \$40.00 for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 3, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 27th April, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 28th April, 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

HAS THE REFEREE ANY IMPLIED RESPONSIBILITY TO SOCCER SPECTATORS?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

Arising out of the International Cup final at the Club Stadium on Wednesday evening one might well be tempted to ask if a soccer referee, who is taking part in what is after all a form of entertainment, has in addition to his official duties an implied responsibility to the public.

I realise only too well that there are those who will jump in and say that the referee's only job is to see that the game is played in accordance with the appropriate rules, and just as definitely I must comment that when admission tickets are sold, there is sold with them an implication of public entertainment.

That implication covers everyone who has anything to do with the particular game and surely embraces the organisers, players and field officials to an all too obvious degree.

The game on Wednesday was played under floodlights and with commendable foresight—based on local experience—the Hongkong Football Association provided a generous supply of

white balls in order that the players, and the spectators, might have the advantage of the best possible playing and watching conditions.

The balls used in Hongkong are ordinary footballs sprayed with a special white enamel. They are absolutely satisfactory for a limited period, but as the enamel chips off, the balls soon become dark brown in colour and are consequently difficult to follow in flight and that is true both from a player and spectator point of view.

It is for this reason that the Association has provided a large reserve of balls on the side line.

On Wednesday evening the hard ground made the life of the white coating on the balls very short and before the first half had progressed more than half its span the ball was virtually brown.

The officials at the side of the playing pitch realised that this was making it difficult to follow the play from a distance.

The Secretary of the HKFA rolled one of the new balls out to the referee while play was stopped—the action was not intended to infringe the referee's authority, but was made in the spirit of a helpful gesture—only to see the ball kicked back out of play by Referee Gazy.

No one with any sense of fairness or appreciation of the laws of the game would seek to intrude into the referee's sphere of authority but surely one would have expected the official to give some thought, not only to the players but also to the thousands of spectators who had paid hard-earned dollars to watch the match.

Towards the end of both the first and second halves it was almost impossible to see the ball when it was at the far end of the ground.

Many keen followers of the game felt as I did, that at this occasion Mr. Gazy, who has built up an enviable reputation in the Colony for general competency, showed a lamentable lack of judgment and revealed a poor appreciation of the main requirements of football under the lights.

A dogmatic attitude should not be regarded as synonymous with strength, nor stubbornness with dignity.

ORIGINAL THOUGHT

I am sure Hongkong soccer fans will be interested in a truly remarkable proposal recently tabled within the Argentine Football Association. It has been suggested in all seriousness that in future all important soccer matches should start at 7.45 a.m. . . . yes . . . a.m. . . . in the morning!

The proposal is intended as a method of curbing the fiery crowds. It is contended by the sponsors of the idea that by starting early in the morning the spectators would be much easier to handle and that riots, so common in recent times, would be eliminated.

The proposal also contains the suggestion that the spectators would do a much better day's work after seeing the game than they have ever done in the periods of anticipation before it. Well at least we have to admit that there is a grain of original thought in that.

I wonder how many spectators we would get at the Government Stadium at 7.45 a.m. to see South China and Eastern?

The HKFA are to be congratulated on deciding to stage one of the games of the Spanish series under floodlights at the Club Stadium. This is a step in the right direction and it is one that should have been taken some time ago.

Before the game takes place, however, some adjustment must be made to the light clusters in the Club pylons. The present setting is far from satisfactory and the lighting is far removed from its extremely efficient state of last season.

The settings at the Defence Force end are very poor and apart from producing dark patches on the pitch they are throwing very disconcerting shadows across the goalkeeper's line of vision.

Mr. Terry Dyer, who did so much good work during the installation of the lighting system, is now back in the Club organisation and we must hope that he has marked down the lights for early adjustment.

NOT ON ITS OWN

Hongkong is not on its own as a centre of intermittent refereeing controversy. A real beauty has just blown up in Scotland and has already spilled over the Border as a talking point, and as a sports writer's tit-bit.

Briefly this was what happened. In a vital League match between Rangers and Motherwell, Baird, the Rangers inside forward—his young brother-in-law—was fouled by Paton, the opposing centre-half. The referee blew his whistle and awarded a free-kick to Motherwell. After he had given his decision, but before the kick was taken, Paton retaliated and fouled Baird.

The referee took Paton's name and then shocked the crowd by reversing his previous decision and awarding a kick to Rangers.

The whole incident has had the widest publicity in the U.K. press and it is understood that the appropriate committee of the Scottish Football Association is to hold a full investigation into the matter.

In the many years of post-war football, these two teams have won between them a total of seven Senior "A" Championships, the Saints capturing four while the Braves took three.

By virtue of their slight edge in the League tables, Ed Carvalho's Braves enter the field as favourites despite their first-round defeat at the hands of the Joys.

Featured on the mound for the Tribe is none other than Vic Pedruco, the colony's leading hurler. Pedruco is about 35 years of age, a right-handed pitcher, and has the distinction of not having cracked up once during the whole season and with his masterful easy motion on the slab he acquired for himself the honour of having represented the local side in all exhibition games against visiting ball teams.

Holding the mound flag tomorrow, Pedruco will have on the receiving end the rifle arm of Reggie Matos, whose uncanny "pepper" (fast ball) is highly respected by base-pitchers.

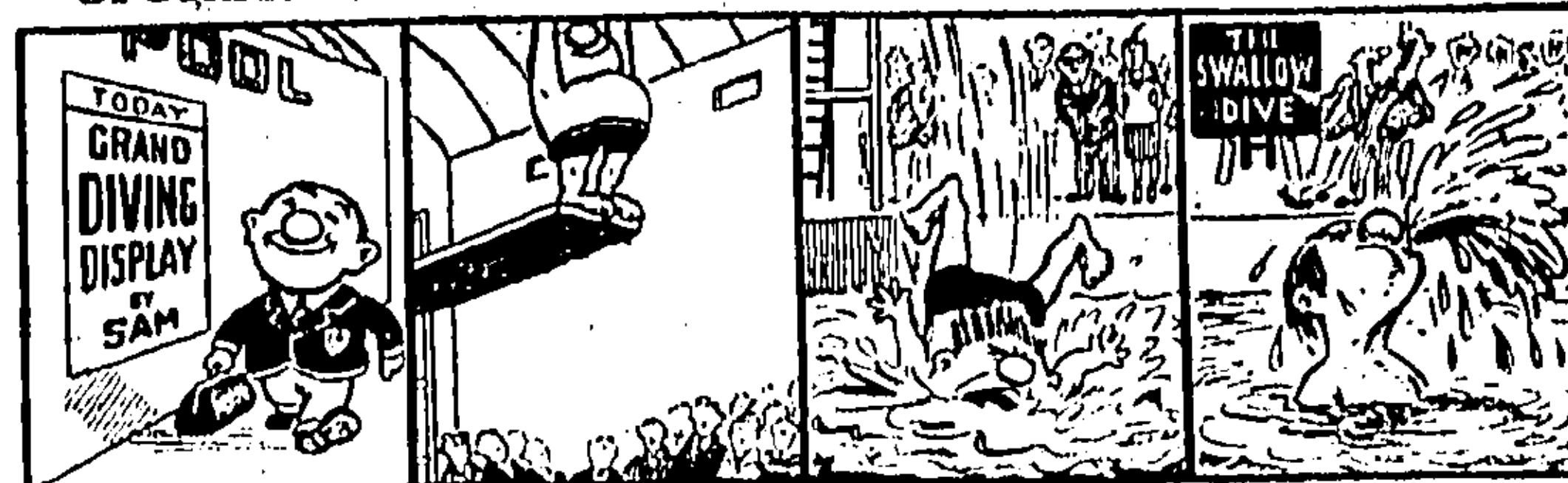
Sparkling the infield quartet for this champion team is ball-hawk Junior Remedios, dynamite at the bat and poison at shortstop. Covering the same section with Remedios, Brave followers will probably find the reliable mitt of fleet-footed Eddie "Old" Loureiro stationed at the hot corner.

Slingscoping Carlaw "Old Reliable" Yvanovich is a certainty for the post at the initial sack, while the ever-dangerous second base should find "Tiger" Hussain at work.

The hard-hitting outfield trio to face the starter is the key to the contest. It is a head-to-head battle for Carvalho in the selection, as his array of stars in the fly-chasing department includes such notable names as

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Braves Take On Saints In A Clash Of The League Leaders

By "TIME OUT"

Dominating all softball activities at the park this week is the long-awaited return clash of the League leaders as Ed Carvalho's Braves take on their old perennial rivals, the Saints. With the old Senior "A" Pennant chase on its last lap, Jindo Hussain's Saint Joseph's will have to cop this important tussle for a two-way tie at the head of the League table and a play-off to settle the issue.

Overshadowed by the "Game of the Year" in the Senior Men's League, the distaff circuit takes secondary honours in this week's thrill-packed card with a play-off of their own as the joint leaders, Wahoes and Capandas, battle it out in tomorrow's curtain-raiser at 10.00 a.m. for the coveted Ladies' Senior Trophy.

In the other Senior "A" games slated, the "also-runs" clash in a slugfest to garner secure positions in the perennial ladder. Featured at 11.30 a.m. C.C. Lee's cellar-dwelling Chinese Athletics will be striving for their second win of the season when they meet the erstwhile Blackhawks while the afternoon skirmish at 2.00 p.m. finds the Warriors rounding off their fixtures with a duel against the young Hongkong Pandas.

Highlighting Senior "B" Division activities this week, the lovely Hongkong University nine will out a double-header as they take on the Comets at 4.00 p.m. this afternoon and the champion Delawares at 5.00 p.m. tomorrow.

LONG AWAITED

At last it has arrived, the long awaited return clash between the Braves and the Saints. These two top teams have always been meeting for the decision of the Senior title and this year is no exception as the Joys lie one game behind the Braves and, with a victory tomorrow, may enter a two-way deadlock for top honours in a play-off as the decider.

In the many years of post-war softball, these two teams have won between them a total of seven Senior "A" Championships, the Saints capturing four while the Braves took three.

By virtue of their slight edge in the League tables, Ed Carvalho's Braves enter the field as favourites despite their first-round defeat at the hands of the Joys.

Featured on the mound for the Tribe is none other than Vic Pedruco, the colony's leading hurler. Pedruco is about 35 years of age, a right-handed pitcher, and has the distinction of not having cracked up once during the whole season and with his masterful easy motion on the slab he acquired for himself the honour of having represented the local side in all exhibition games against visiting ball teams.

Holding the mound flag tomorrow, Pedruco will have on the receiving end the rifle arm of Reggie Matos, whose uncanny "pepper" (fast ball) is highly respected by base-pitchers.

Sparkling the infield quartet for this champion team is ball-hawk Junior Remedios, dynamite at the bat and poison at shortstop. Covering the same section with Remedios, Brave followers will probably find the reliable mitt of fleet-footed Eddie "Old" Loureiro stationed at the hot corner.

Slingscoping Carlaw "Old Reliable" Yvanovich is a certainty for the post at the initial sack, while the ever-dangerous second base should find "Tiger" Hussain at work.

The hard-hitting outfield trio to face the starter is the key to the contest. It is a head-to-head battle for Carvalho in the selection, as his array of stars in the fly-chasing department includes such notable names as

Tony "Powerhouse" Gutierrez, Budji "Fence-buster" Dhaber, Dickie "Angel" Chaves and pull-hitters Derrick Smirke and Jack Brown.

However, judging from past performances and reliability in the "clutch", the trio roaming the pastures in the outer line of defence will be Chaves at left, Gutierrez at centre and southpaw Budji Dhaber at right.

TEAM PLAY MATTERS

For the Joys pilot Jindo Hussain cannot boast such an array of top performers but he has proven in his many championships that "individuals" do not win a ballgame and it is only team play and cohesion that matters. Still fielding an odd assortment of "old salts" throughout the years, the Saints have made a name for themselves in local softball circles, proving that experience and understanding will always account for deficiency in speed and age.

Toeing the rubber for this mighty squad is southpaw hurler A.R. Salih, steadiness personified, while hindsmatching duties will be in the capable hands of "Stonewall" Mario Pereira, a key factor in this formidable line-up.

The infield four stars a variety of top-notch veterans with each player being the complete master of his post.

At the initial sack, Jankey Ken Donaldson, formerly of American Club fame and a threat to all pitchers, takes the stand while the other racks at second and third feature Art "Mighty Mile" O'zorio and indispensable Benny Omar respectively.

The outstanding item in this neat quartet is no one but surfer-legend Claude Pugh whose brilliant handling of the job at the windy plying in the Exhibition tussle against the Shanghai-draw many rounds of applause. In the outfield against the League's top sluggers mentor Hussain will probably star Gus Pereira at left, speed-artist A. G. Ismail at centre and block-busting Dave "Bambino" Leonard in the right section.

Both teams are evenly matched for this key tussle and fans trooping out to the park will have a day well spent as thrills upon thrills will be keeping rabid followers hoarse with applause as the innings shorten and tension mounts.

On paper the Braves have an edge in the offensive, while the Joys lead in the defence and hold the psychological factor on their side by virtue of their first-round triumph. This makes the outcome all the more interesting and with a Championship at stake both teams will be throwing every trick in the trade into the issue.

LADIES' PLAY-OFF

Though taking a back seat in this week's thrilling card, the Ladies' Play-offs will not be devoid of thrills as these teams held fans glued to their seats for eleven full innings in their last meeting before the Wahoes bowed to the youthful Capandas.

As they meet again for a final time in a winner take all, early risers tomorrow will find themselves treated to some classy softball with the feminine touch.

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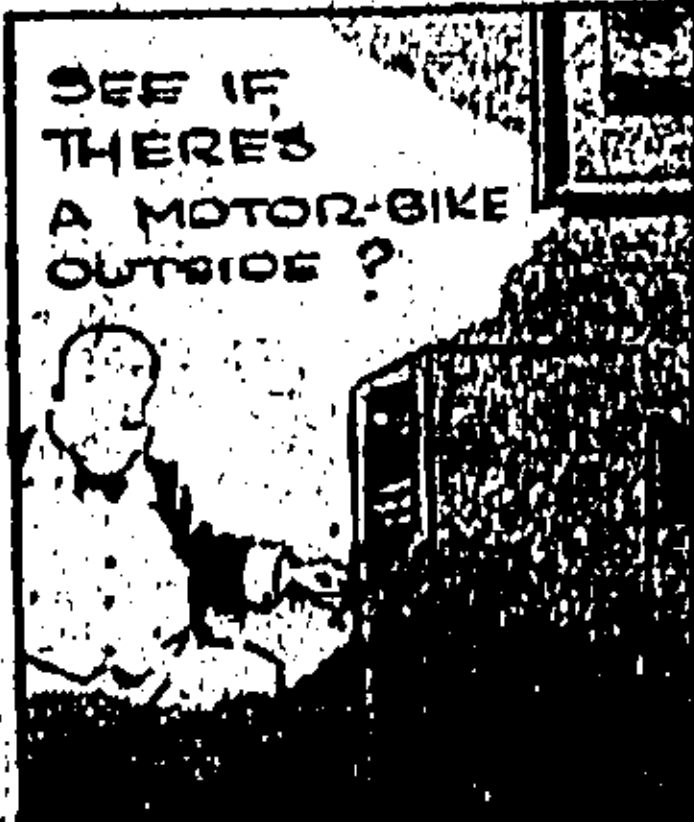
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Sports Diary

TODAY

Soccer

Div. 1: Sing Tao v South China (Club) 5.50 p.m.; Police v Club (B3) 6.20 p.m.

Div. 2: Eastern v KMB (Club) 6 p.m.

Div. 3: Prisoners v Dockyard (Blanchard) 6.30 p.m.

Div. 4: Bowls (Landlord, Cup) KBGC v RSCGP at Austin Road, commencing 6.30 p.m.

Cricket

1st Div. IRC v DRS at Seaside, 1.30 p.m.

Australians Are Tops At Tennis, Cricket, Swimming.... So....

WHY SHOULDN'T THE AUSSIES STAR AT SOCCER TOO?

Says DON REVIE

An Australian businessman has invited me to go on a short summer tour to his country and ever since I have been inundated by questions from people asking: "Are you going to emigrate, Don?"

The answer is NO.

But I am very interested to see how the game is progressing over there. Australians are tops at tennis, cricket, swimming, almost any sport you can mention. They are natural ball players, and as we have seen from their fielding in cricket matches, they have a wonderful eye.

So, why shouldn't they star at Soccer? Who knows, in a few more years, we may see England Soccer teams playing a series of Test matches in Australia.

And this may be only the start, for more and more of our professionals are getting invitations to go out to Australia, pioneering the game as coaches. Australia has given British football two grand characters: Ken Grievess, the Lancashire cricketer who is still keeping goal for Bolton Wanderers, and Joe Marston, the former Preston North End centre-half.

Marston made himself into one of the best centre-halves in this country, an imperturbable character, nothing seemed to upset him on the field. Now he is back in Sydney, and, if this tour comes off, I am hoping to see Joe Marston and his family in Australia to talk over old times.

Final details have still to be settled, but I am very grateful to my club, Manchester City, for agreeing to let me travel with certain provisions.

A BIG BOOST

Although the game is in its infancy in Australia, I should imagine that the Soccer matches in the Olympic Games will be a big boost to the sport. Hun-

garian clockwork Soccer—and who can doubt that the Hungarians will be among the finalists for the Olympic title—will fascinate the Australians as much as it has done us.

I admire, yet feel sorry for, our amateur footballers. Here they are, gaily going into the Olympic Games, all amateurs in the true sense of the word. Yet they know they haven't a chance against the highly geared State sponsored footballers from other lands.

It isn't fair, it hardly gives them a sporting chance—yet how British of these lads who go out for the love of the game. In the Amateur Cup Final we had Harry Sharratt, the Bishop Auckland goalkeeper, actually preparing for the great occasion at a boys' camp in the Lake District. Sharratt, a schoolteacher, went to the camp with the boys and spent much of his time doing 20 mile hikes. It is a grand spirit, isn't it?

But compare this with the way that the Hungarians and Russians train. The Hungarians, who thrashed our professional team 5-3 and 7-1, are amateurs—but they are remarkably lucky because so many of them are in the Army. They must

have some kind officers in their Army because they get so much time off for training in both football and athletics. Some of these continental characters are shepherded into camps away from their wives and families. And in the case of the Hungarians, they have been kept training together for a month now.

This is the type of team which can enter the Olympics because the players don't actually receive payment for playing football. But who can deny that a benevolent State helps them so much that they are as highly trained as any professional teams over here?

Yet we still cling to our ideas of amateur status. I watched the Amateur Cup Final, and was struck by the final quality of the play. When the game went into extra time, the lads were yards slower than the professionals; many went down with cramp. It was the old, old story of keen young amateurs playing for the love of the game, yet not quite fit enough for the supreme tests.

BUSBY'S BOYS

Although I am in the rival camp, everyone at Manchester City's headquarters at Maine Road is delighted that Matt Busby's Manchester United youngsters have pulled off the League Championship.

There was a time when I was wondering whether their own cracking pace might tell on lads who have not had enough big match experience to be relaxed in tight games. But the Busby methods have paid off. Astonishing to think that the average age of this team is only 22 and that Ian Greaves came into the first team and has won a League Championship medal after about ten games. Yet Stan Matthews, after 25 years in football, has still to win a League Championship medal.

Nice to hear that Roger Byrne, United's captain, went up to Stan after that game with Blackpool which clinched the Championship. "I'm sorry we had to pip you of all people, Stan—maybe next year it will be your turn."

The fantastic thing about this Manchester United team is that with luck and barring accidents, they should pick up a few more League titles in the next ten years. I have always maintained that in three years time they will be at their peak. And right now, I can't see which team is going to shake them.

Still football can be a funny game—so we'll wait and see. Congratulations, too, to Bert Trautmann, for being voted Footballer of the Year. Naturally, we at Maine Road who know Bert intimately, feel that it could not have gone to a finer sportsman. I wonder what those poison pen letter writers think now—I hope they are heartily ashamed of themselves! (COPYRIGHT)

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Billy Lane

By ARCHIE QUICK

Maximum points from their three Easter matches have kept Brighton and Hove Albion on the heels of Leyton Orient in the promotion race, but, Second Division for the first time or not for the Sussex club, its manager, Mr. Billy Lane, is maintaining his wonderful record of success since he joined the club five years ago.

Immediately prior to his arrival, Brighton, under Mr. Don Welsh—now with Liverpool—had finished fourteenth and last in the two preceding seasons. Mr. Lane's record is fourth, seventh, second, sixth—and at the time of writing—second. He has done it by putting into practice attacking football, with the wing halves well up, not worrying about conceding goals so long as they score plenty. As they have done—over 100 in Cup and League.

Mr. Lane, with his head of thick black hair, does not look to be in the middle fifties, but he is eminently qualified to direct a football club, for he had sixteen active seasons in the League, three with his native Tottenham, two with Leicester City, one with Reading, three with Brentford, four with Watford, two with Bristol City and one with Clapton Orient.

Since then he served three years on the Brentford staff, was manager of Guildford City for three years and has been with Brighton five. He also played football while in the Army, and appeared in the same team as Frank Swift, Tommy Lawton etc. when he was 42 years of age.

STILL UNIQUE FEAT

He scored over 250 League goals from centre-forward, 109 of them for Brentford, and 37 in the 1929-30 season when Brentford accomplished the still unique feat of winning every one of their 21 League matches. He still holds the Watford goal scoring record, and a claim to fame is that he did the "hat trick" in three minutes against, of all people, his present deadly Orient rivals.

Mr. Lane has garnered in a lot of money for Brighton by selling Jack Mansell (now with Portsmouth), to Cardiff City. Johnny McNichol to Chelsea and Billy Reed to Ipswich Town. He has with great success switched, in his present team, Whitfield from forward to centre half, Bisset from forward to full back, Langley from wing to full back, Tennant from full back to half and so on.

But his greatest triumph has been Jim Langley, who has won an England "B" "Cap" this season, toured the West Indies and is off to South Africa with the FA.

Mr. Lane has signed Langley FOUR times! Once as a Viewley amateur for Brentford, once as an eighteen-year-old soldier in the RAMC for Guildford, once as a professional for Guildford, and once for Brighton after Langley had been transferred by Guildford to Leeds United. His faith in his original 15-year-old has been justified up to the hilt.

GOALSCORING RECORD

Bob Price plays centre-forward for St James's Athletic in the Sutton (Birmingham) Youth League. He has scored matches—81 goals in 29 matches

SPORTS ROUNDOUP

ALL STARS COMMITTEE TO CONSIDER SPAIN'S CHALLENGE FOR TWO MATCHES

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

England's crowd-pulling All Stars have started a movement with full FA approval which is gaining ground in other countries and developing on international lines.

All Stars committee will shortly consider a challenge from Spain's old-time internationals anxious to come to England and play them two matches.

Hon. secretary Bob Jackson, former Portsmouth and Hull manager, tells me he's keen on the idea, provided two clubs with ample accommodation and floodlighting will loan their grounds.

Chance here for London, Sheffield or Manchester to stage the Soccer arts and sciences featuring the Matthews, Carters, Doherty, Hagans and Co.

Brigg Town product, Barry Horsfield has rejoined Scunthorpe. He's shining well at centre-half following two years overseas with the RAF.

North-East tennis tournament ambitions of glamorous Pat Symons, former backstroke swimming champion, are deferred by an appendix operation.

This will be an all-round sporting event with surgeon Bobbie Rutherford, Newcastle United director and 1947 Northumberland county amateur goal champion, doing the removal job.

MATT-CHIESS

How about Allenby Chilton as "Manager of the Year"? asks reader H. Lovthian, of Grimsby, who adds: "See you in the Second Division next season." Fine, but what about Allenby's old Manchester United boss, Matt Busby?

Pity the poor Press telephonist when Spartak (Yugoslavia) play Hull on Wednesday, Lincoln on April 23, and Fulham three days later. Sample is: BRANISAVLJEVICS, one of six inter-

nationals who, I am assured, is "faster than the racing horse."

NOT SO DUSTY
They're demolishing a borough dustcart depot to build a Middlesex cricket school with provision for five indoor pitches. Site is adjoining Finchley's ground, where Arsenal skipper Cliff Hutton gets his Middlesex County trial on April 25-26.

Disappointment at Bridgwater. Football followers there will miss seeing the Matthews magic—by a foot. Stanley has written to the Maurice Tremitt benefactor, informing them that a troublesome foot injury restricts his midweek football activities and prevents him turning out on April 25.

HANDICAP

Bristol City would like to play their Youth Cup semi-final second leg in midweek by floodlight but this would seriously handicap Chesterfield, whose players are working lads with difficulty in getting time off for Soccer.

It would most certainly rule out 18-year-old Johnny Brooks, their play-anywhere forward. He is still studying at Staveley Grammar School. (COPYRIGHT)

INTERNATIONAL SOCCER Eternal Problem Of A Satisfactory Attack Remains Unsolved

English football faces two grim facts. Professionally, the eternal problem of a satisfactory international attack remains, with games against Germany, Brazil, Sweden and Finland only a month away. In the amateur ranks, no settled team has been found to face Bulgaria in the second "leg" of the Olympic Games qualifying tie at Wembley—all in May.

The Hampden International blew sky high the Selectors' hopes that their worries are over. The defence passed the test against Scotland; the forwards—Johnny Haynes excepted—failed dismally.

The game proved that Tommy Taylor is a centre-forward first, last and all the time; not an inside-right. If a right-winger of the ball playing type is to be preferred to a fast ruler then it must be Stanley Matthews and not Tom Finney. And the fact must be accepted that Not Lothhouse is passed his peak.

Who then? Matthews, I would say, must come back once more; if the Selectors shy at the idea, then speedy goal-scoring Peter Harris, of Portsmouth, is the man. Taylor, I think, is the man for the centre-forward job. Albert Quixall, of Wednesday, played well in conjunction with Haynes in the Sheffield "B" International against Scotland. So my first choice for the second leg against Brazil would be—Matthews, Quixall, Taylor, Haynes and Perry.

DEFENSIVE CHANGES

I do not expect any defensive changes, and here Reg Matthews, the first Third Division player to get a "full" cap for thirty years, made a wonderful debut. The Coventry City man can be England's goalkeeper for years. The best since the heyday of Bert Williams.

The amateur situation is serious. It looks as though the competition proper being played in a Commonwealth country for the first time, will not in-

clude the Mother Country, the founder of the game. Having been beaten 2-0 in Bulgaria, the return match must be won by a three-goal margin. It looks an impossibility.

The team will be drawn from England only, although labelled Great Britain. No Scottish players will be included although the Queen's Park club have practically won promotion from "B" Division against all professional opposition. That is just the reason for the Olympic Games come in November and the Glasgow club want their players for their "A" Division campaign.

But why have Ireland and Wales been excluded from the reckoning? Ireland's centre-forward Pat Hasty and Welsh Phil Woosnam (the Leyton Orient and Army player) are good enough for any Olympic team. Up to now the all-conquering Bishop Auckland players have been ignored and so too have the Chelsea pair, Jim Lewis and Seamus O'Connor. These four should form the nucleus of any English amateur side. Australia expects us to be there!

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. It is awarded annually to the man who has done most in the cause of speed. Current holder is Donald Campbell.
2. Ferenc Puskas, Ian Johnson, Archie Moore and Cliff Morgan.
3. Rowing and horse-racing.
4. True.
5. British Boxing Board of Control, Rugby Football Union and International Boxing Club.
6. Arsenal.
7. C.B. Fry.
8. Jeffries, Johnson and Willard.
9. 25 miles.
10. Today's shirt has the number of the player's position on the back.
11. Helen Wills—eight.
12. Five.
13. Ice-skating, golf and lawn and table tennis.
14. Wrestling.
15. Pascual Perez—fly-weight.
16. Wrestling, weight-lifting, cricket and baseball.
17. Seven.
18. Cricket—Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.
19. Jack Dempsey v. Gene Tunney in 1926, it attracted 120,787 spectators.
20. Two—C.B. Fry and Don Bradman.

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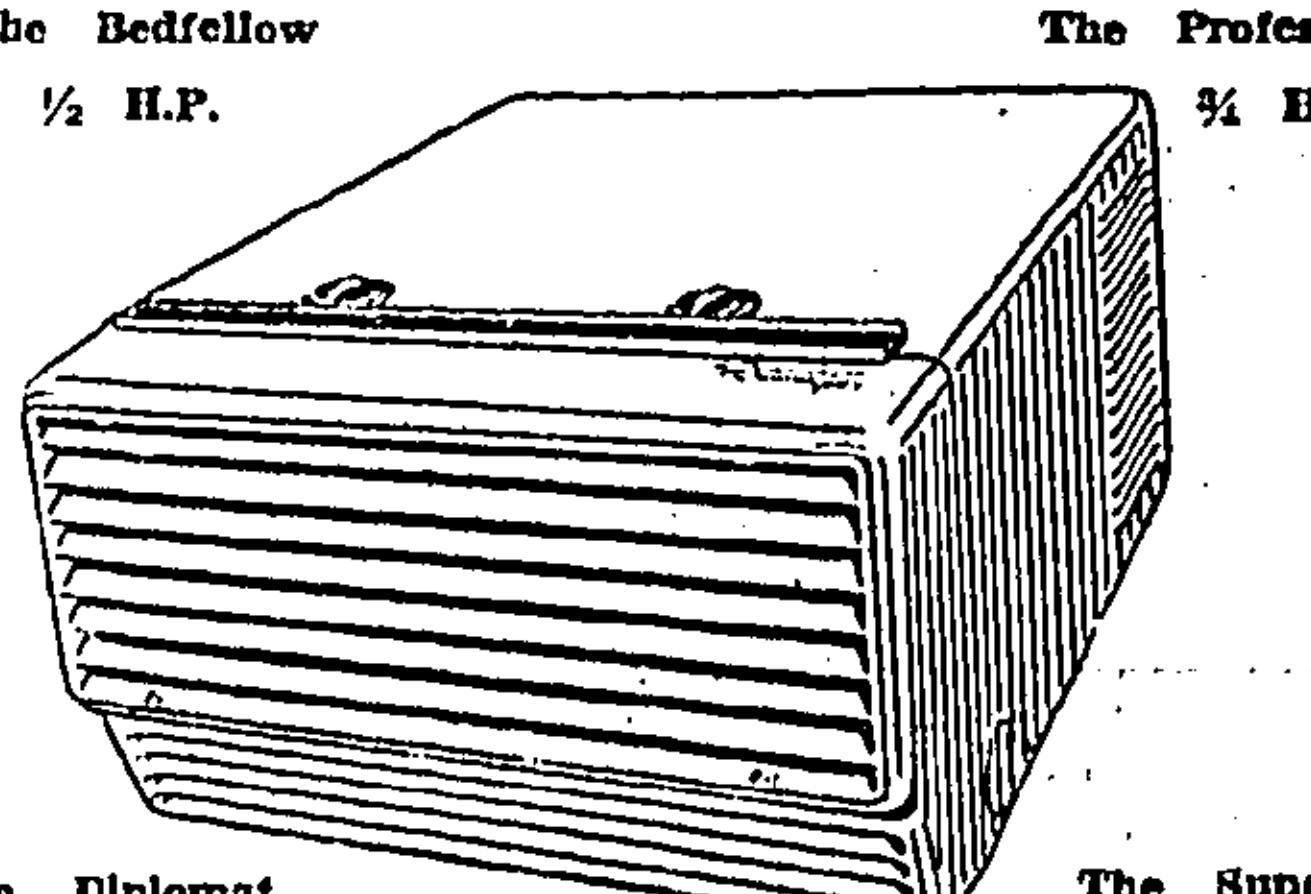
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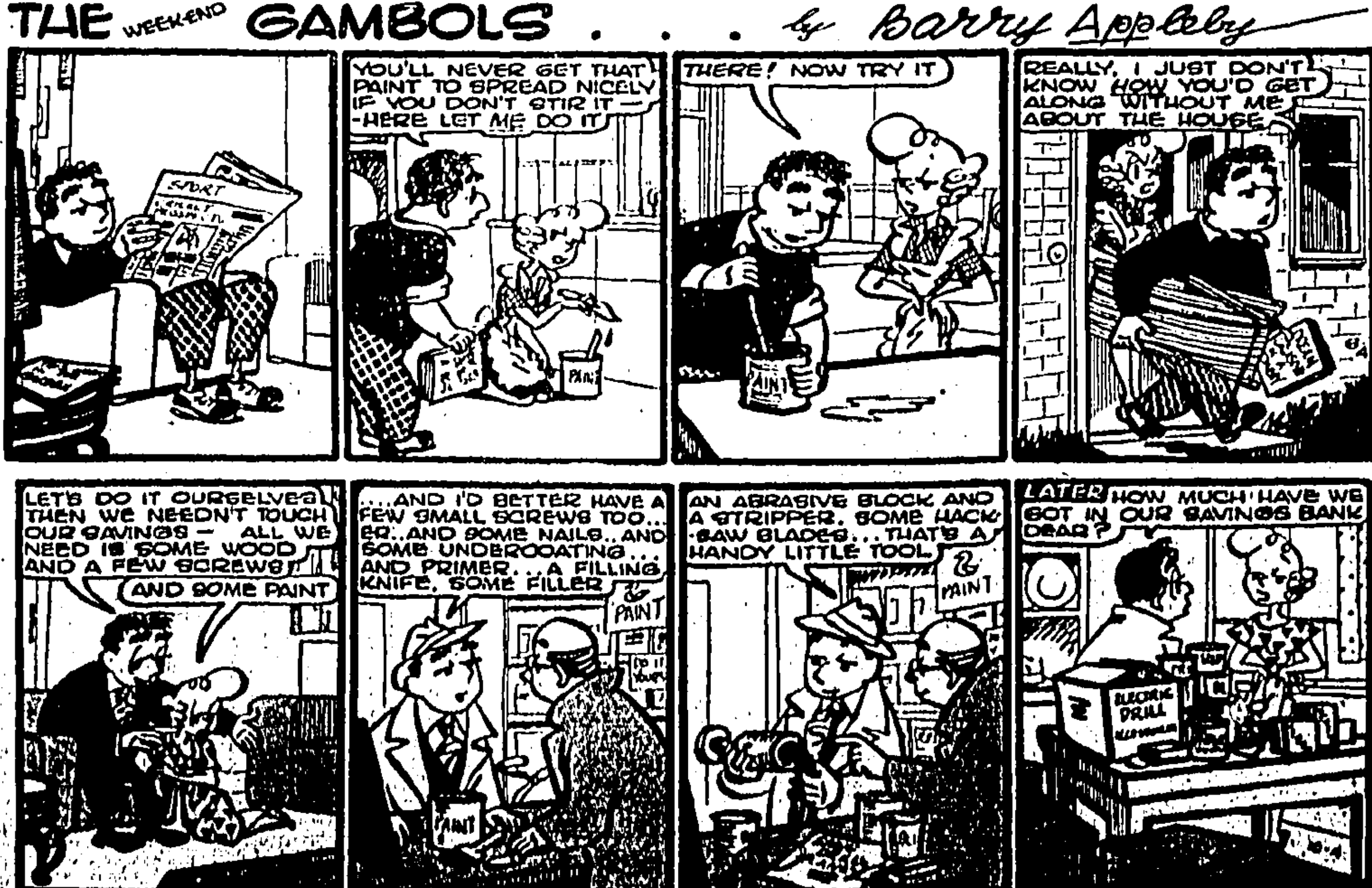
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THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby



YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT PAINT TO SPREAD NICELY IF YOU DON'T STIR IT—HERE LET ME DO IT!

THERE! NOW TRY IT!

REALLY, I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'D GET ALONG WITHOUT ME ABOUT THE HOUSE!

LET'S DO IT OURSELVES! THEN WE NEEDN'T TOUCH OUR SAVINGS—ALL WE NEED IS SOME WOOD AND A FEW SCREWS! (AND SOME PAINT)

AND I'D BETTER HAVE A FEW SMALL SCREWS TOO—AND SOME NAILS, AND SOME UNDERCOATING, AND A PRIMER, AND A FILLING KNIFE, SOME FILLER, AND SOME PAINT!

AN ABRASIVE BLOCK AND A FEW SMALL SCREWS, AND A FEW NAILS, AND SOME UNDERCOATING, AND A PRIMER, AND A FILLING KNIFE, SOME FILLER, AND SOME PAINT!

LATER, NOW, HOW HAVE WE GOT IN? (AND SOME SAVINGS BANK!)

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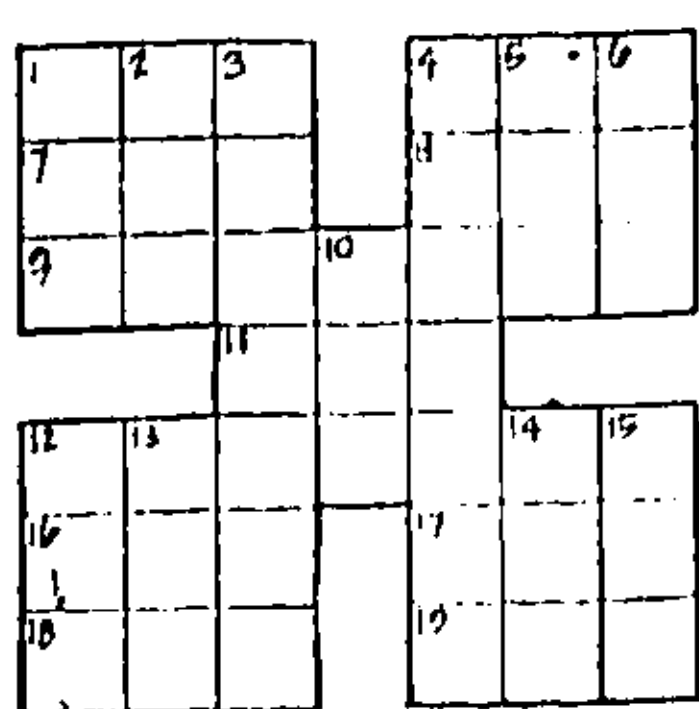
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 In addition
- 4 Seaport (abbr.)
- 7 Drone bee
- 8 Golfers use this
- 9 Spilled
- 11 Khan
- 12 Stays
- 13 Kebab
- 14 Newspaper Enterprise Association (abbr.)
- 15 Black stock substance
- 19 Pigeon

DOWN

- 1 Bustle
- 2 11th month (abbr.)
- 3 Expectant person
- 4 Drives tight
- 5 Green vegetable
- 6 Number
- 10 Royal Garrison Artillery (abbr.)
- 12 Big mouse
- 13 Age
- 14 Fishermen use this
- 15 What you do when you speak

TAKE THE TAIL OFF

Remove the tail from the "first mail" and have a girl's name, take the tail off this and have "something in your daily or weekly newspaper."

TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster uses STARES as a base for his triangle. The second word is an abbreviation for "lieutenant"; third is a "green vegetable"; fourth is a fruit; and fifth "to rent."

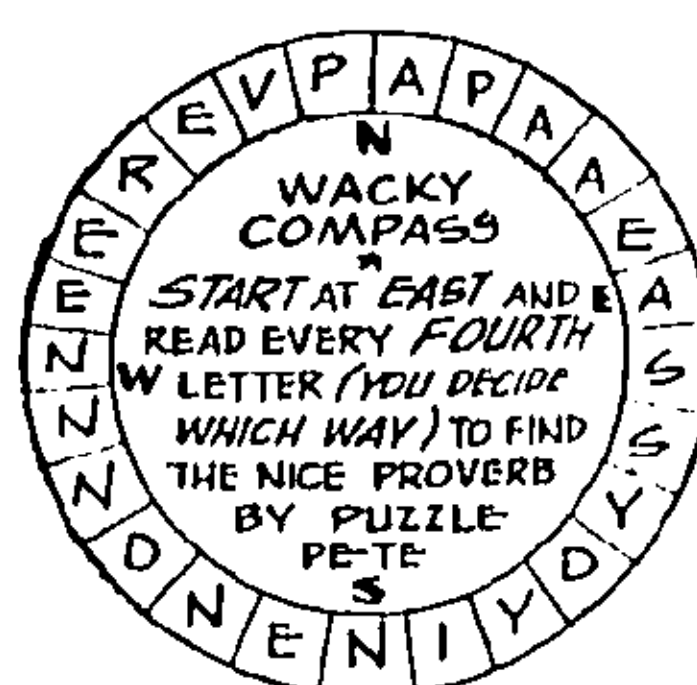
STARE

STARES

BEHEADINGS

Behead "twenty" and have "an apple centre"; behead again and have "native meal"; once more and have "a musical note."

WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

East German Stamp Honouring Mozart

MOZART, immortal Mozart. Here is a stamp to honour the man whom musicians all over the world have honoured for 200 years. And how much richer still the world would be if Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart had been spared to live a normal span instead of dying, at less than 35 years from typhus fever.

Perhaps it is just that his genius was made of which consumed the life at a terribly ingly rapid rate. Or perhaps Mozart's life was wasted by a proud and over-ambitious father who paraded his son about the salons and concert halls of Europe when the boy should have been growing up slowly and more healthily at home.

Certain it is that at the age of three Mozart displayed a keen musical ear and a good memory. Under his father's guidance he quickly learned to play the harpsichord and to compose simple minuets. To the kings and queens of Europe he showed off his gifts not only as a player of the harpsichord—the early form of piano—but as a skilled performer on the organ and violin as well.

Yes, Happiness! Never except perhaps from his friendship with Haydn. But even his love affair with Aloysia Weber, a gifted singer, came to nothing and he married her younger sister, Constanze, with rather unhappy results. But it is for his music that we adore him. He poured the flame of his genius into a stream of concertos, symphonies and string quartets.

This stamp in his honour is issued by Eastern Germany, printed handily in photogravure and perforated 13½ by 13. Set of two, unused, costs 1/9d in London; set used, 11d. —J. A. A.



DOTS ARE CODE FOR COLOURS TO USE



A SHORT STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Anne Marie Has A Birthday

ANNE MARIE threw her dustcloth on the floor as she watched her parents drive away from the house, with Patty sitting between them. Her thirteenth birthday and she had to stay home and dust while Patty got to go down town! It didn't matter that the extra dusting was because she was going to have a birthday party this afternoon—it was still mean to leave her home when Patty got to go! But of course, Patty was a real, born daughter and Anne Marie was adopted.

She had always known she was adopted, and until Patty was born it hadn't made any difference. She used to brag to other children that their parents had to take them, but she had been especially chosen from a whole bunch of babies.

But now she knew that her Mother and Daddy would much rather have had babies of their own, because now they had Patty and she was their own and she got to do everything with them.

When she first threw down her dusting, Anne Marie had been thinking of running away, but she couldn't think of a single place she could go. Besides, it would be kind of mean to the kids she had invited to the party not to be here when they came. "I know Mommy and Daddy do as much for me as other kids' parents do," she said to herself, "but I know they'd rather have the money they spend on me for their precious little Patty!" Maybe



after the party she would run away, just go any old place.

She started dusting, after all, and she went after it so hard that she knocked a figurine off the tier table. She was so glad it fell on the rug and didn't break, but it did give her a scare. "Next to Patty, Mother loves her figurines best," she thought.

The postman came then, with a letter for her. Inside there was a second envelope addressed "To Anne Marie, on her thirteenth birthday."

It said, "I'm writing this now, Anne Marie, but I won't send it to you until you reach adolescence—an age when all girls sometimes get an idea that their parents don't love them. I was just talking to your mother, and of course she's very pleased that she's going to have a baby, especially since the agency says they may never be

able to let her have another baby to adopt. She said, 'Isn't it wonderful that it happened this way—that I didn't have one of my own sooner, because then I wouldn't have Anne Marie, and how could I live without her?'"

When she finished reading the letter the third time Anne Marie picked up the dusting again and went around to see if there were any spots she had missed. She found time to do a lot of things her mother hadn't even mentioned before the family came back, an hour or two later.

"Oh, darling, how nice everything looks!" her mother said, then she said to Daddy, "Let's give it to her now, dear. Let's not wait till the party."

"Okay," Daddy said, and he gave Anne Marie a big squeeze and kissed her on both cheeks, then he took a very small package out of his pocket.

★ ★ ★

Anne Marie could hardly open it, her hands were shaking so, but when she did she found a beautiful watch, engraved on the back, "To our beloved daughter," with the date.

She squealed with delight, and threw her arms around her mother's neck.

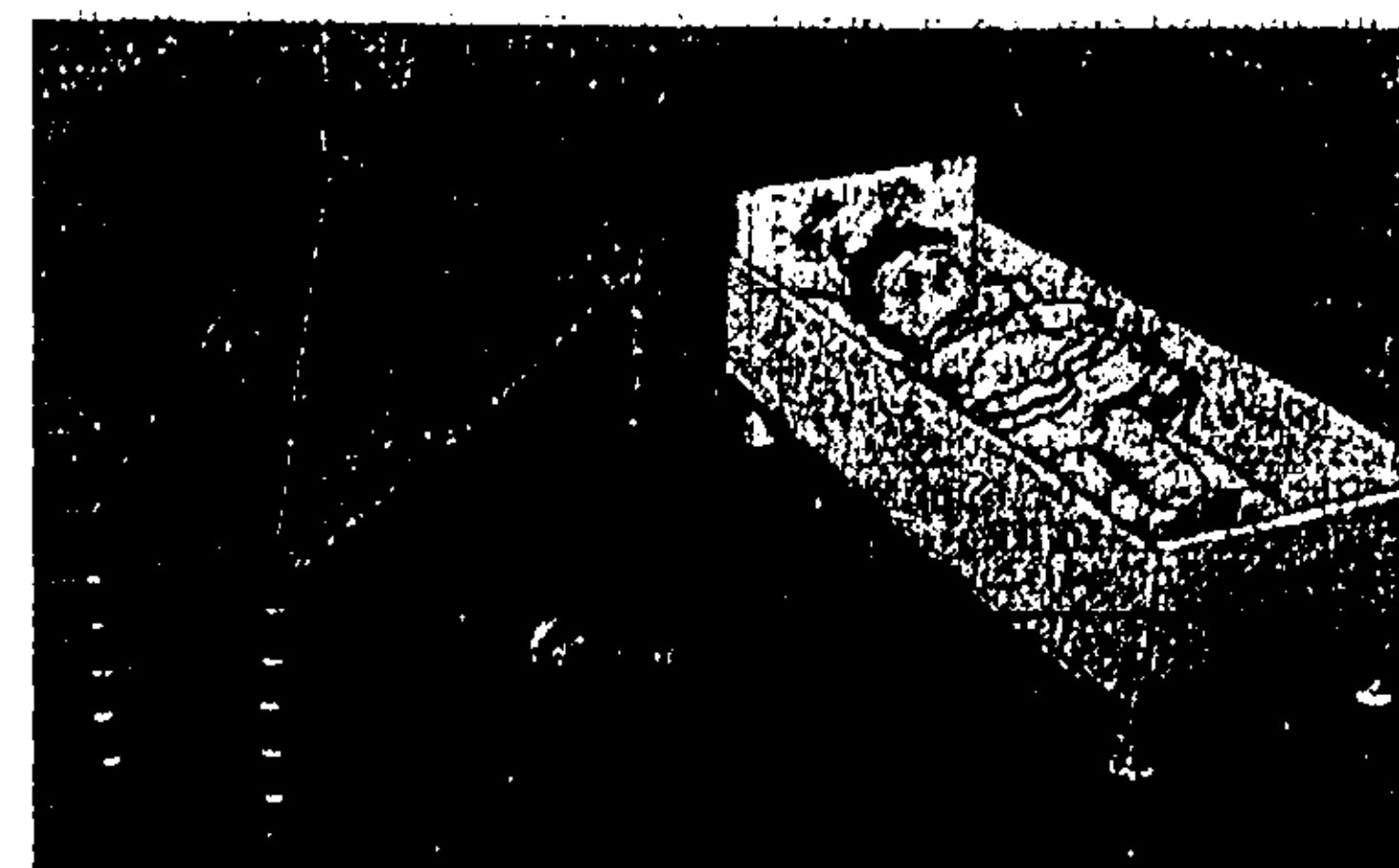
"But, Mother—you've already given me my birthday present. My sweater and skirt!"

"Yes, darling," her mother answered. "But this is a special birthday and we wanted to let you know how grateful we are to have an almost grown-up daughter, and how very much we love you."

Anne Marie couldn't see to put the watch on by herself, so her father fastened it. Then she kissed both of them again before she slipped down and put her arms around Patty and gave her the biggest kiss Patty ever got.

—Helen Seymour

What You Can Make With Spools



Shelves, dolls, necklaces and doll beds—from spools.

SAVE and collect all the spools you can find. Be sure you have different sizes. There are many things you can make with them.

To make the hanging shelf shown here, you need two shelf boards with holes bored in the corners and some heavy twine (binder twine is best).

Thread the twine down through the boards and spools in one corner, across the bottom of the end and up through the spools and boards in the other corner. Do the same with the other end. Then tie the four ends of the twine together over the centre of the shelf. Paint it and hang it.

For this bed you need an oblong wooden box and four stove bolts, with which you attach the spool legs at the corners. Sand it, paint it, and decorate it with decals. You can make a mattress stuffed with milkweed fluff.

You can make several of the spool dolls for the babies in the family. Boil the spools in fadeless dye for 20 minutes, rinse and take off the paper ends, then dry well before stringing. String them on elastic thread like this:

Thread the elastic double and knot it. Start down through the two body spools, then the two spools for one leg. Then thread on a two-holed button and go back in through the other hole and back up through the two leg spools. Then do the other leg the same way and go back up to the top. A large button at top of a large spool will form the head, attached in the same way.

The doll will bounce when you hold it up, and baby can pull on the arms and legs and chain them; the dye is harmless. You can string many strings of spools on shoestrings. The end of the shoestring tie can be dipped in wax and rolled till dry to make a longer and tie the stringing.

Romans Invented Fireplaces

CENTURIES ago fire was considered such a treacherous foe, no one dared bring it inside of their homes. The Romans were the first to realize that, when used in the right way, fire could be a friend to man. They were the first to build fireplaces in their homes.

Built in the centre of the room, these fireplaces sent out so much smoke as to be a real hazard. Then, in medieval times, the firecoat came into use. These were rolled from room to room.

It was not until the twelfth century that hoods were put over the open indoor fire to control it; smoke. This type of fireplace progressed to a square type with a mantelpiece in the thirteenth century.

PIECES OF ART

After the fifteenth century, fireplaces became real pieces of art. About this time the fireplace was put against the wall for the first time. In Scandinavian countries fireplaces were so large that little benches were set inside forming a small room in themselves.

Finally the medieval hood gave way to the Renaissance mantel.

Not much progress was made to improve the air circulation until very recent times, when a Frenchman, Louis Savoy, made scientific experiments. He built



both hood and chimney inside the wall for the first time.

Then another Frenchman, by the name of Gauger, came along with the idea of the circular back to deflect heat into the room. The American, Rumford, invented the narrow throat and brought fireplaces to a new era. As far as we know there was no early American fireplace. The Arizona Indian knew no true fireplace until the Spaniards arrived in America.

In spite of this, the art of building the fireplace has become exceedingly fine in America today. Fireplaces are taking unusual forms and heights in the modern homes, sometimes being open on both sides, and always inviting comfort and relaxation.

A Very Strange Recipe

—It's a Fuzzle Made With Peach Fuzz—

By MAX TRELL

THERE was a knock on the door—not the regular door where everyone came in—but the very small door that stood behind the bookcase. It was in the darkest corner which hardly anyone knew about except Knarf and Hanid, the shadows with the turned-about names.

Tall Chef's Hat

It was already dark when the knock came. They found a very fat Pixie standing at the door. He was dressed all in white with a tall chef's hat on his head and a big wooden ladle in his hand. "Good evening," he said, bowing and smiling to Knarf and Hanid. "I hope I haven't disturbed you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Hanid.

"I'm Pixie McSauce," said the fat Pixie in the chef's hat. Knarf and Hanid both said they recognized him.

"I cook all the meals at O'Cheer Hall down under the roots of the Old Oak," Pixie McSauce went on.

Knarf and Hanid replied that they knew about that, too. They were wondering why Pixie McSauce had come to the house. What could he want from them?

Pixie McSauce, nodding as though he could hear what they were thinking about, said: "I've come to borrow something I need for a cake I'm baking."

"Oh, of course," said Hanid. She was glad to be of service to Pixie McSauce and all the Pixies who lived in O'Cheer Hall down under the roots of the Old Oak.

"We've got plenty of sugar. Is that what you would like?" said Knarf.

Plenty Of Flour

"And plenty of flour, too," said Hanid. "And butter and salt and vanilla and eggs."

Pixie McSauce said thank you but he didn't need any sugar or salt or flour, butter, vanilla or eggs, thank you just the same.

Knarf and Hanid waited with great curiosity to find out what Pixie McSauce really wanted to borrow if he did not want to borrow those things which they had just mentioned.

"You wouldn't happen to have an extra cup of peach fuzz, now would you?" he said. "I'm fresh out of all my peach fuzz."

"Oh no," said Hanid in a very surprised voice, "we never keep any peach fuzz."



"You don't?" said Pixie McSauce. "How can you make peach fuzz cake if you don't have any peach fuzz?"

"We don't ever have peach fuzz cake," Knarf put in. "You don't know what you're missing," said Pixie McSauce in a pitying voice. "Now let me see. I wonder if you have any prune wrinkles. I'll make a prune wrinkle short cake instead of a peach fuzz."

Prune Wrinkles

Hanid apologized but said they didn't have any prune wrinkles, either.

"Then what about apple shine?" said Pixie McSauce. "Can you let me have a measure or two of apple shine?"

Knarf and Hanid shook their heads.

"Or what about a cup of fresh raindrops? Or dewdrops? Or banana seeds? Or maple sugar? Or cinnamon? Or rose honey?"

Knarf and Hanid kept shaking their heads.

"All right," said Pixie McSauce at last. "I'll take the sugar. It isn't as good as any of those other things but it's better than nothing. At least it's sweet. I'll make a sugar cake."

Hanid got him a heaping cupful of granulated sugar. Fat Pixie McSauce took it with many thanks. They saw him waddling off with it across the moonlit garden, down to the Old Oak.

"I'm glad we found something to borrow," Knarf said to Hanid. "I hope he remembers to return the cup," said Hanid to Knarf.

Rupert and the Black Circle-25



"You know that my baby is making new freckles. Last evening I went round trying to catch them. I caught a whole lot of them. I caught them on the black circles below," demands Rupert. "Of course I have," says Bling. "I have seen them there," Bling declares.

"You know that my baby is making new freckles. Last evening I went round trying to catch them. I caught a whole lot of them. I caught them on the black circles below," demands Rupert. "Of course I have," says Bling. "I have seen them there," Bling declares.

4000'S WHO

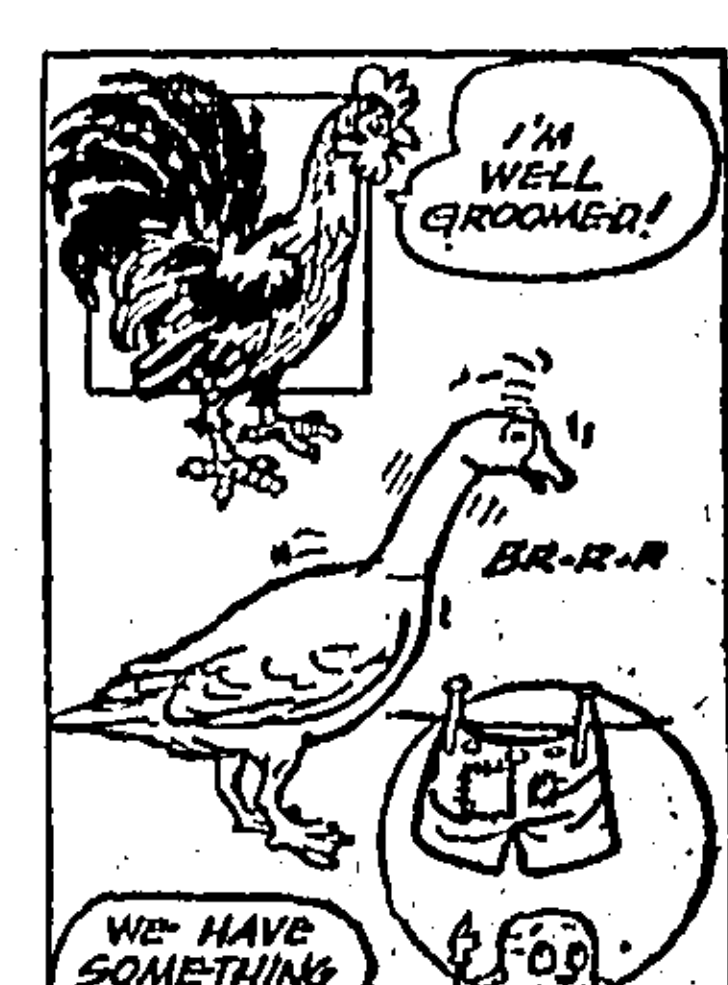


PROBABLY THE LARGEST KNOWN ATLANTIC SALMON, WHICH WEIGHED 83 POUNDS, WAS TAKEN IN GREAT BRITAIN IN 1921. THERE IS A RECORD OF ONE 400 LBS LONG WEIGHING 41 1/2 POUNDS, CAUGHT ON ROD AND REEL IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BRAIN-TEASERS

LANGUAGE PUZZLE — Although people in the United States speak the same language as their English cousins in Great Britain, the Americans often use different words to describe the same item. Can you match some of those words with the British words in the second column?

1. Radio
2. Mail
3. Corn
4. Cracker
5. Two weeks
6. Policeman
7. Gasoline
8. Elevator
9. Druggists
10. Car hood
11. Truck
12. Jars



FAMOUS RULERS

MANY of history's famous rulers were known by descriptive tags. Ten such rulers are listed below—with their "tags" mixed. Can you straighten them out?

1. Ivan the Little Colonel
2. Alexander the Lion-hearted
3. William the Enlightened
4. Suleiman the Terrible
5. Elzhared the Bald
6. Richard the Conqueror
7. Charles the Unready
8. Buddha the Magnificent
9. Napoleon the Great
10. Louis XI the Great

WHY, WHAT, WHERE TELL ME if you can.

(Answers on Page 20)

FINE RECORDINGS ON LONG PLAYERS

By CYRIL STAPLETON
(SHOW BAND SHOW)

WHENEVER I go into a West End gramophone shop I always find a queue of people waiting to buy long-playing gramophone records.

I am amazed at the money they spend. The other day, the guy in front of me spent £15.

And I didn't blame him. They looked so attractive in their glossy covers, I almost felt like "bluing" the rent in myself.

Sometimes wonder whether people choose records because of the pretty covers or for the musical contents.

I know the record companies think the "sleeves" as they call them, have a big effect on sales. Personally I am not concerned what the covers look like, as long as the contents are good. They usually are.

A beauty

I FIND that some of the finest recordings are on long players. I listened the other evening to one made by a band named Mel Tormé. It called "Mel Tormé and the Crusaders" and it's a beauty. You've probably never heard of him. Yet, if you ask any professional singer, he is his favourite vocalist of the day. He is a West End tenor, and he is a beautiful singer. I think that because he sings the "Sax" songs, he is like to be a "Sax" player. He is a beautiful musician, as well as a singer.

Mel is well known as an arranger and composer. He wrote his first song when he was sixteen. It was called "Lament a Love". When he was around twenty he formed a vocal group called the Mel-Tones. They were featured on the Artie Shaw record "What Is This Thing Called Love" which caused a sensation here and in America. Mel Tormé sings, among others, two of his own songs. One is "At The County Fair" and the other is "Christmas Song". You may remember Nat King Cole's record of this.

"County Fair" is one of the most brilliant songs of the day. I have heard Walt Disney use it in a film called "So Dear to My Heart".

Lights are low

THIS Tormé record, which was recorded in the Crusaders Club in Hollywood, has a wonderful atmosphere. Apparently Mel is one of those artists who are only at their best in front of an audience. The latest results are wonderful. I guarantee that

you turn the lights low when you listen to this record. It is a beautiful record. I hope you stay sober.

Minstrel girl

ANOTHER great long player is the one on Capitol called "Miss Show Business 1956". Can you guess who Miss Show Business is? Well, it's the very same young woman who has been Miss Show Business for the last thirteen years. Her name is Miss Show Business.

She is a beautiful singer and a beautiful dancer. She is a beautiful person. She is a beautiful woman. She is a beautiful girl.

She is a beautiful singer and a beautiful dancer. She is a beautiful person. She is a beautiful woman. She is a beautiful girl.

Mood music

TWO British composers, Ewan MacColl and C. J. Phillips, have just released a new long player called "Mood Music". It is a beautiful record. It is a beautiful record. It is a beautiful record.

For ever Ella

ANOTHER great artist who is going to go on for ever is Ella Fitzgerald. Ella has just released a new long player called "Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book". It is a beautiful record. It is a beautiful record. It is a beautiful record.

The top ten

1. "POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS" - Woody Allen
2. "IT'S ALMOST TOMORROW" - Dean Martin
3. "ROCK AND ROLL WALTZ" - Kay Starr
4. "ONLY YOU" - Hal Hines
5. "ZAMBESI" - Lou Busch
6. "MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS" - Dave King
7. "MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS" - Dean Martin
8. "SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR" - Bill Haley
9. "THEME FROM THE THREEPENNY OPERA" - Dick Hyman
10. "THE GREAT PRETENDER" - Jimmy Parkinson

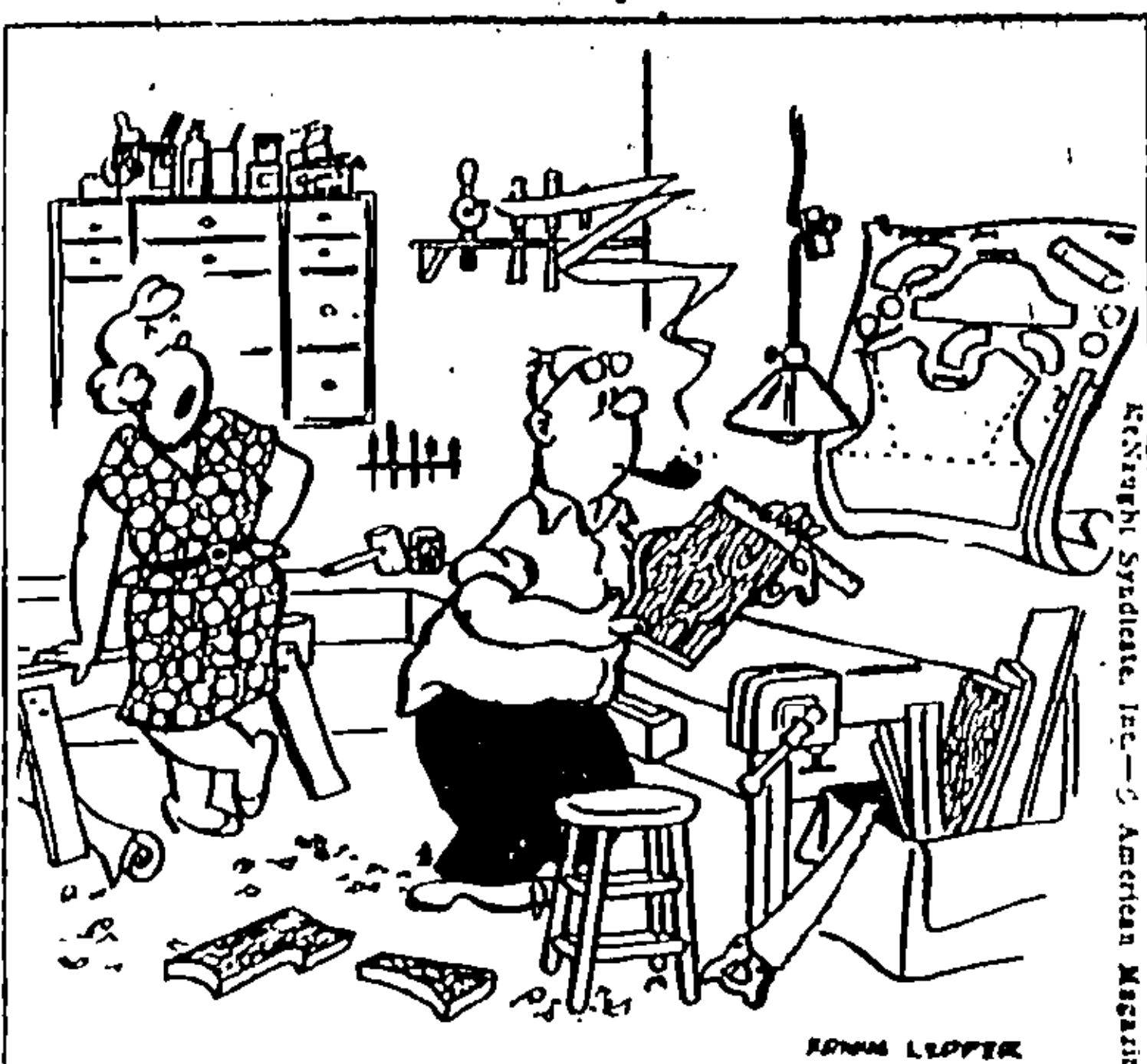
Dartwords

LOOK at an mixture of words in the circle—50 of them altogether. One of the words is marked as the starting point. The word you start with is "Puzzle". The puzzle is to make your way to the central word in such a way that the relationship between the word and the one next to it is governed by one of six clues.

START HERE

1. The word may be a synonym of "to word" that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding a letter to the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a way that is not obvious.
5. It may be associated with the preceding word in a way that is not obvious.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a way that is not obvious.

This Funny World



"I hate to be a wet blanket, but you've got one of my dress patterns and you're now building a ruffled taffeta blouse"

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

BY an old tradition of this column, today April 21st, is always celebrated as the day when there is no opening paragraph. The explanation is that the column was started by a man who was asked by the police because he posted a notice for a dog. He was in a hurry and didn't have time to write a proper opening paragraph. So he just wrote "BY THE WAY".

"Cocchiere di Huntingdonshire" Surely, if the entire opera about these Huntingdonshire cabmen is to consist of their names and initials, it will be a pretty dull affair. However, good the words may be. (Extract from letter)

THOSE who find the last dull will, of course, be bored by the opera. There is nothing sensational in it, and, strictly speaking, no plot. But it is realistic, naturalistic and strikingly original. The fact that all the words are names has not caused the composer to make any experiments with recitative. The anguished cry of "Boperton, F. D. P." repeated twice in Act III is something new in opera. For those who prefer the more conventional usages, there is the majestic opening of Act II, with 40 cabmen singing in chorus "Elphick, D. S. Potter, M. Gregson, R.V." with a refreshing disregard of alphabetical order.

THE yellow spider AS Jonquil Pudding sat by the dying fire in her Bay-window attic, her eyes sought the familiar figure of the dead hippopotamus, which nearly filled the small and sordid room. "One can hardly move without stumbling over it," mused Jonquil, and it is too heavy to haul down the stairs. Besides, what would the other lodgers think? What would the kindly landlady say? Jonquil glanced at the window. No. It was too small to push the beast through. "Anyhow," thought the girl, "one can't just drop hippopotamuses into a busy street. Not in daylight, anyhow." She sighed. If her aunt came to see her, how could she explain? How could she answer the anxious query, "My dear, why has this dead hippopotamus cum-burber up the room? If you must have animals round you, why

is clear. East didn't continue with the spiders because he felt sure that West couldn't overrule the dummy. He didn't want this fact to become obvious to the dealer, for South would be warned that a trump finesse was needed to draw the trumps without loss. East would surely continue the spiders if he didn't have the queen of hearts, because he would have reason to hope that his partner would make a trump trick. East's failure to continue spiders located the queen of hearts in his hand as surely as though he had waved it in the air for everybody to see.

Both sides vul. East South West North 1 ♠ 2 ♥ Pass Pass Pass Pass Opening lead—♠ 4

1. This sort of speed cannot be considered safe. (9)
2. River of Iran. (4)
3. Pretty one makes convalescence faster. (6)
4. It may be seen from Greenland's icy mountains. (10, 11)
5. Most of the small bottle makes way for the tomato. (8)
6. It's a figure at the end of a bridge. (3)
7. I'll tell you. (6)
8. Return him. (10)
9. Little other garden of Shakespeare. (4)
10. Lack of pantomime. (4)
11. One to three in grammar. (6)
12. Banner wing (anagram). (9)

1. It was an Empire before that of the Romans. (9)
2. Pine denials end up with shots. (7)
3. The heron's does, and the heron's does. (11, 12)
4. Sister. (3)
5. Toward or supplied with a lock; open. (10)
6. Elucid fellow in a tree. (11)
7. After takes an addition to a number. (10)
8. Certain to be found this way. (11)
9. Tavern. (10)
10. Sometimes describes a person. (10)
11. A word. (10)
12. A word. (10)
13. A word. (10)
14. A word. (10)
15. A word. (10)
16. A word. (10)
17. A word. (10)
18. A word. (10)
19. A word. (10)
20. A word. (10)

YOUR BIRTHDAY By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 21

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Taurus, you are ruled by Venus, the goddess of love and beauty and have many qualities of the constructive thinker, who is steadfast, loyal and true to the highest ideals. You must have harmony in your life and will go a long way around to sidestep an argument. Yet, if you feel for an instant, that your personal rights or independence are threatened you can put up a powerful battle for them and usually will win.

Although you may appear to be jovial and happy-go-lucky, you are actually a rather serious person and think deeply about all creations which have to be made. You have a magnetic personality which draws people to you, sometimes without your volition. There is a certain reserve about you, however, which covers a warm and responsive nature when you get to know a person well. You have strong likes and dislikes at first meeting but may not show them until you have definitely made up your mind.

Yours is an intellectual and spiritual nature although you may not be a strict adherent in your manner of thinking. Kindly and generous to those whom you love, you can be a fine friend. However, you can be as bitter an enemy, provided you believe that you—or yours—have been wronged. Your ties of kin are strong and you will be happiest if you wed early in life when your habits are more flexible than they are when you grow older.

Among those born on this date are: Charlotte Bronte, author; Josh Billings, humorist; Alexander Anderson, noted engraver; Queen Elizabeth II of England; George P. Gordon, inventor; John Mulr, naturalist; Henry K. Bush-Brown, sculptor; and Peter Abelard, theologian and philosopher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—The stars are highly favourable for all your usual Sunday activities. You might also pay a visit.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Plan to join others in your neighbourhood for some community drive or appropriate recreation.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you can lend your services as a speaker for a good cause today, then offer to do so.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be co-operative today. If a relative or close friend asks you to join them for dinner, then do so.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may find that friends who have mutual interests are responsive to some plans you have in mind.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is a day when you should have good fortune in some project which you are currently undertaking.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You can advance your personal interests at this time. Find out what needs to be done. Make new contacts.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Step up your social life these days. If you find you are bored with your usual routine.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may have an opportunity to impress yourself favourably upon someone important to your future.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be one of your happiest days this month. Enjoy yourself within the circle of your close friends.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—Church affairs are highlighted today. If asked to participate in some community project, do so.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—This can be a happy day. Consolidate friendships and make some new acquaintances, as well.

BORN today, you have a gift for expressing the dramatic in life. Whether it be on the stage or by means of the written word. You have a real gift for expression and should develop it from early youth, for the stars have given you the touch of stardust that can mark you as genius in your own lifetime.

Things of the mind interest you most and there is no sense in your attempting to enter the commercial world of business and finance. Fortunately you have a native talent for making money, so that you will be able to make a good living at the thing you most enjoy. It should be in one of the arts, and you may select whichever one which appeals to you most, with full assurance that you will do well in it. There are few persons who are as thoroughly masters of their own fate as you are!

You do, however, have the temperament which usually goes with the arts. There are moments when you are moody, depressed and melancholy. But one taste of success—or appreciation for something you have produced—and you are instantly up on the heights again.

You are emotional and if you utilise this in your creative writing, for instance, you may find that you are not as receptive to the idea of love and marriage as others. Yet, as a matter of fact, you will be happiest if you wed quite young and have the love and encouragement of a helpmate during your early years. In that way life is complete happiness and contentment with yourself and the world.

Among those born on this date are: Henry Fielding, Ellen Glasgow, James Norman Hall, authors; Ada Rehan, actress; Jonathan Dickinson and Eleanor Wheelock, educators; and Samuel Richards, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 23

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This is really your best day this month. Anticipate a successful conclusion to all you undertake.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—This can be a romantic day. Perhaps the "one and only" will pop the one important question.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This can be a really inspirational day for you. An idea may meet with instant success. Promote it.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are hunting a new job, you might be able to find it now—or, better perhaps, get a promotion.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A fine day for progress. Join others in some project which holds mutual interest for all of you.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Further some important objective and you will find that success greets your efforts.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—If you are friendly and co-operative with others, you will find that you make good progress.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If in retail selling, then you may find that catering to feminine tastes is a good ideal.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—The professionals are especially favoured and you will find that social contacts are important.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A fine day, especially for children. They may have a special party this afternoon. Have fun!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 21)—There may be important business matters which need your most careful attention.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—You can make a good impression in the business world if you put your best foot forward today.



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